

THE
WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY
IN

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

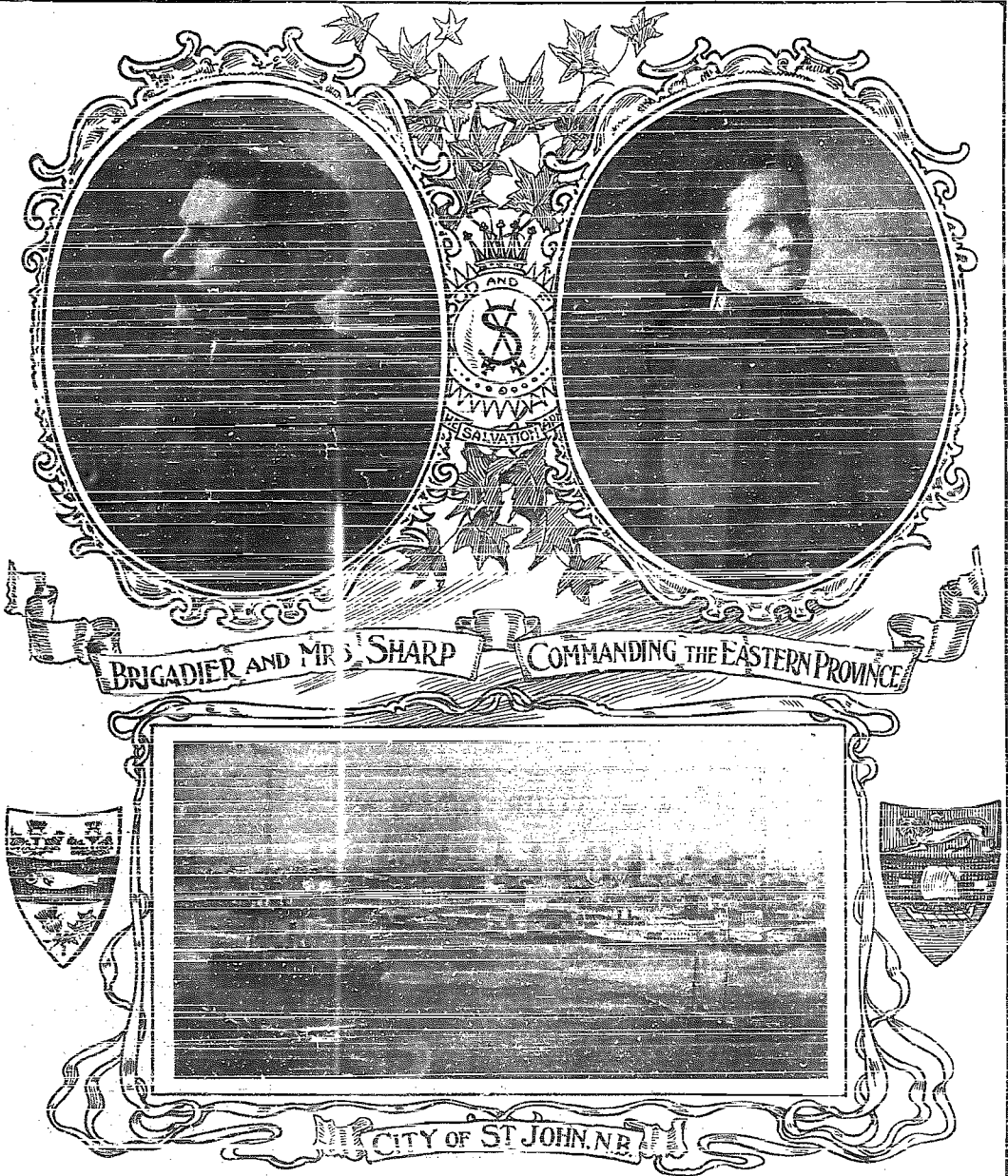
19th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

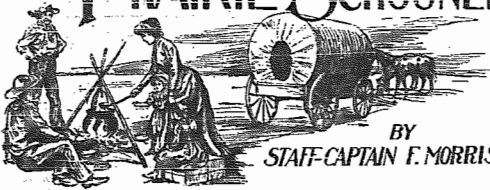
EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



(To be continued.)

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER



BY
STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING A NEW HOME.

Thus it was that Silas Mulroney came to grief. His intentions were of the very best, but did little to help him in themselves. As the train sped on mile after mile toward the great North-West, from which land strange stories of prosperity had reached them, it seemed as though their cares grew less and less, and the spark of hope which had been in their breasts when the journey was first contemplated, kindled into a flame, and Kate actually found herself radiant with hope. As for Silas, there was no limit to his ambitions as he gazed out of the car window at the widening prairies, and he imagined his wildest dreams were all but realized.

Arriving in a western city work was soon found, and although Silas did not receive the return for his labor that he had been led to expect, yet his wages were quite sufficient to make them comfortable, and they were for a time, with their two children, as happy as a family could well be with a sense of uncertainty ever present with them.

Silas had reformed—we use the word guardedly. His wife was under the impression that drink was a thing of the past, but could not help at times having misgivings as she beheld a strange expression now and again in the eyes of Silas, and though she could not be quite sure, thought she could frequently detect the fumes of strong drink upon his breath. But Kate was brave, and trusted Silas with all her heart, and continued to hope for the best.

CHAPTER IV.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

One evening, however, her husband returning from his work a little later than usual, and glancing around the drawing-room in the most strange way, Kate became so much alarmed at his demeanor as to remark:

"What can possess you to-night, Silas dear? Are you sick? You stumble about so that I fear you are not quite yourself."

All the answer poor Kate received was, "Oh, I'm all right, old girl; what makes you say that?"

"Only," replied forgiving Kate, "I thought you were sick, but you will soon be all right; wait until I get you a cup of tea."

Poor Silas! as he sat there watching his wife flitting here and there, trying to make him as happy and comfortable as possible, he felt wretched in the extreme, and almost cursed the day he was born. He fixed a vacant stare on a picture of his wife which hung on the wall, taken when she was



A Dream of the Past.

but a girl of nineteen. Yes, he could see her dressed in that white muslin dress of midsummer, hurrying down to the other end of the town to do a deed of charity for a poor, lone old woman. He had followed her, and had waited outside the old thatched cottage where dwelt the aged widow. It seemed an age to him before Kate made her appearance, but she did come at last, and with a glad song on her lips and a lithesome step, she started for home.

Kate had covered quite a distance from the place in the hedge, where Silas was hiding, before he awoke from his trance. He hurried on at break-neck speed, as if drawn on by some irresistible force, and when within a few steps of Kate, the latter hearing rapid footsteps approaching, she quickly turned to behold the hushed and embarrassed face of Silas, who, however, recovered himself sufficiently to make a profound bow and say very meekly:

"I am very glad to have met you, Miss Kate, and may—(here he stopped for want of breath)—and may I see you home."

"I don't mind if you do," said Kate shyly, and they walked and chatted along together.

If anyone had been within hearing of their voices they would have naturally said, "What nonsense!" but to Silas, at least, it seemed on that afternoon he walked on air—the sky was never so blue, the fields never so

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

The Colony of Trinidad had a never-failing source of revenue in the asphalt lake, a body of asphalt 108 acres in extent.

On arriving at the little town of La Brea, one is at once introduced to a new feature of Nature's supplies. Instead of stopping ashore on the ordinary terra firma, we land on a bed of pitch, washed clean by the sea. Proceeding in quest of Army business, we tramp over a continuous space of dead-like soil. There is practically no variety, only a dense asphalt, and everywhere is pitch, within the distance of a mile at any rate. The houses have only one foundation—pitch; trees are at a premium, and flowers there are none. Whilst not yet on the lake proper, in and around the houses we notice pits where men are busy digging, and carts are plying to and fro with the strange material.

In a short time we arrive at the extensive lake. It could not be termed otherwise, as it is verily a lake of pitch, there being no dirt or waste of any kind, and all that is required is the means to convey the asphalt to the boats in order to export the peculiar product to the streets and walks of the towns and homes of the Americans, Britisher, and wherever it might be taken.

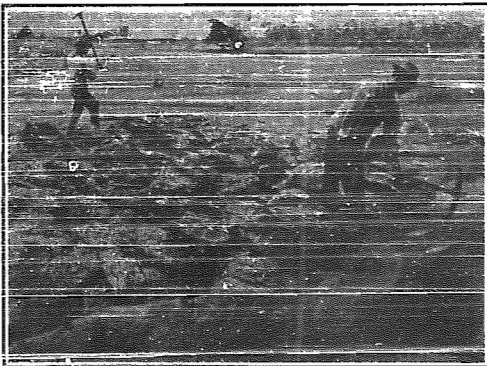
There are men at work, diggers and carriers. The men with the picks easily keep some hundred men filling the waggons and trucks, by which means it is conveyed by cable pulleys to the ships.

The spot at which these men are working has been the scene of many long days of toil, and yet, on each succeeding day, the men arrive to find the bed level with no trace of the previous day's export. The lake rights itself in the hours of the night, and notwithstanding the fact that there is daily exported 800 tons, there is no perceptible difference in the source. Even while we stand watching the operations we notice the pitch oozing, and springs of water slithering up through the well-like pores of the asphalt, giving one to feel that he is standing over a warm place; this feeling is confirmed when our boots are unbearably hot, and the soles are being covered with the soft pitch; over head also is King Sol, giving us the full benefit of his rays. We were truly in a warm place, and standing upon a mysterious something—Pitch Lake is on the surface, but what can there be underneath? The boiling up of pitch is suggestive.

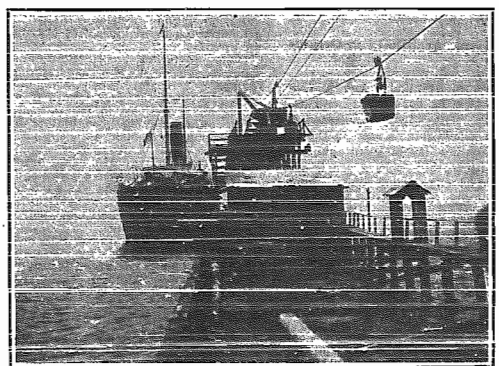
Efforts to fathom this wonderful cauldron have been utterly defeated. The pipes bored down have acted as an affront to this creature of mystery. She allows no curious enquirers. You can take and come again, but nothing beyond.

We certainly gathered a few lessons from our experience here, and to the Commission's talks there will be yet new and interesting additions arising from the Pitch Lake.—E. Glauville, Adjt.

The recording angel cannot he fooled by church reports.



The Pitch Lake of Trinidad.



Conveying the Pitch to the Boat by an Aerial Tramway.



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The Inspiration of Example.

There is undoubtedly often a great deal of inspiration in the eloquent and impassioned appeals of a great orator, and many have been aroused to virtuous deeds and unselfish actions by the stirring sentences of eloquence. But the greatest and most lasting inspiration, which does not even depend on brilliancy of speech, is that of a great example. Great as is our General's sound reasoning and forceful preaching, free from flourishes but abundant in the most true eloquence, yet greater by far is his example, as seen in the life-long devotion to the best interests of the poor, the oppressed, the fallen, the weak, the vicious—in short, the helpless and needy. His glorious example of unselfishness, energy, earnestness, goodness, and self-sacrifice has been shown in his life and his work, which has living evidences in hundreds of philanthropic institutions, in thousands of reformed homes, and hundreds of thousands of regenerated lives throughout the world. This mighty inspiration of the accomplishments of our honored leader has stamped itself on every social and religious reform effort of recent years, and has invested him with the authority and power of a true prophet of God, laboring for the interest and extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

From the first meeting conducted in St. John, N.B., this Territory has again, and in greater measure, felt the potency of that inspiration, and when the visit of the General will have become a matter of history, the Army as a whole will have been re-invigorated with a vitality that will go on until its vibrations touch the circle of eternity, for the inspiration imparted by the burning words of a messenger of God never dies.

Staff-Capt. Archibald at Ottawa.

Staff-Capt. Archibald, who is visiting Ottawa in connection with the General's visit, kindly consented to take the Sunday's meetings. Although we had only a day or so to announce the meetings, they were a grand success. Old friends came to hear the Staff-Captain, who was stationed in this city fourteen years ago, and who held the first open-air on the now famous Post Office Square. God came in power, and three sought the blessing of sanctification in the holiness meeting. The afternoon was an old friends' rally, and at night the subject was, "A Faithful Son." After a well-kept prayer meeting we rejoiced in seeing three souls set at liberty. The finances were the best we have had for a long time. Everybody is on the tip-top of expectation for the General's visit.—F. R. Bloss, Ensign.

MONTREAL A RECORD-BREAKER.

The General in the Royal City Received a Tremendous Welcome
—Crowds Phenomenal—Nearly Four Score of Souls.

(By Wire.)

General's campaign Montreal breaks the record of any of his previous visits. His meetings the topic of both press and people. Elements most unfavorable—floods of rain and rivers of mud. Saturday night soldiers' meeting was a scene of Divine visitation. Sunday, Windsor Hall bathed in Pentecostal power, light and blessing. Six hundred people were turned away from the doors in the afternoon, and as many disappointed at night. Afternoon, the General delivered his lecture by special request. Dr. Shaw, supported by Mayor Lighthall and Alderman McArthur, eulogized General's eloquent and soul-stirring words. Platform crowded with ministerial magnates. General's night utterances erected judgment throne in all hearts. Crowds in ecstasies of contrition and praise. Seventy souls came to the mercy seat. The offerings amounted to six hundred dollars.

Staff-Capt. Page.



Great Britain.

A reception is being arranged in London for Colonel and Mrs. Batli, who are expected to arrive at an early date from New Zealand.

A party of Zulus are about to visit England, and are due to arrive at Southampton on October 30th.

Commissioner Raiton is still extremely unwell.

Of the 400 homeless men who attended the Blackfriars Free Breakfast meeting recently, no less than 72 had spent the previous night on the streets through sheer inability to raise the necessary twopenny for a bunk.

While visiting Whitechapel Shelter on Tuesday afternoon, two vicious and well-dressed Japanese gentlemen were noticed examining ha'penny chunks of bread-and-marmalade, and expressing unsolicited admiration of the good value given our poor customers. One of the visitors is a Japanese Consul, the other a professor.

Staff-Capt. Taber went to his reward on the anniversary of the Army Mother's promotion to Glory, October 4th. For some years he bore with patience and submission a sad affliction, remaining cheerful through Divine support and comfort until consciousness left him, when he quietly lay and breathed away his life.

The D. O. and some relatives were present in the death-chamber a few hours previous to his promotion. The Spirit of God, filled the room whilst they were there. "Ever now through the valley as I glide," "Happy Sally" is grief-stricken at her loss, but bearing up bravely.

Owing to falling health, Staff-Capt. Taber, better known as "Happy George," of Bristol Circus fame, has been prevented for many years from taking an active part in the war, his public efforts having been limited to an occasional week-end as a special. "George" was a wonderful trophy of our early days. He came from Leicester about twenty-five years ago, and before his conversion was a miserable, besotted drunkard, while "Happy Sally" was a wonderful trophy of our early days. He came from Leicester about twenty-five years ago, and before his conversion was a miserable, besotted drunkard, while "Happy Sally" was a wonderful trophy of our early days.

Our advance upon Bristol, England, which was conducted by "Happy George," is one of the great events of Army history. The effects of the wonderful awakening that attended and followed the opening meetings in the old Circus have been felt all round the world.

Recently Colonel Sturges, while interviewing the men who had professed salvation at the Free Breakfast meeting, made some enquiries as to how

many successive nights they had been bedless before coming to the breakfast. The following is the pitiable experience of twenty poor fellows: 3 nights, 21 nights, 7 nights, 4 nights, 4 nights, 4 nights, 3 nights, 3 nights, 2 nights, 22 nights, 14 nights, 11 nights, 6 nights, 8 nights, 1 night, 35 nights, 3 nights, 16 nights, 6 nights. Most poor devils the approach of winter, and it is not pleasant to consider that our brothers have to undergo such hardships.

A married couple who tramped from Lancashire, seeking work, have taken up their residence in a cave in the Blackhall Rocks, on the coast near Hartlepool. Wreckage and brush piled at the entrance help to keep out the wind, pots and pans stand on the rock ledges, and the two rock-dwellers live not unhappily in their primitive home, wood for free being had for the gathering. The man, James Turner, who is twenty-eight, left Lancashire because the mine in which he had been employed closed down. He and his wife are said to have none the worse for their residence by the sea.

United States.

A lady in a large American city was called on by the Consul, who told her of the Army's good work. The lady gave the Consul \$2,000, but after the Consul had prayed with her, she said, "I will make it \$2,500."

In Bay City (U.S.A.) a young man on crutches pushed through the crowd standing around the open-air meeting and knelt at the drum-head. The following Sunday he marched out on crutches to the open-air. At Saginaw an old man of nearly seventy knelt at the drum, with two other people, seeking salvation.

Germany.

Brigadier Gauntless becomes General Secretary for Territorial affairs in Germany, under Commissioner Oilphunt. Although he has been practically fulfilling the duties of his post for some time, he was not, until the week before last, officially gazetted as such. The notification was also accompanied with an enlargement of his responsibilities.

South Africa.

The British War Office continues to withdraw officers and men from the scenes of the late war. The S. A. continues to despatch reinforcements. Staff-Capt. Cameron sails on Friday to grip hold of the training question. In a few weeks another batch of officers, for fighting on the field, will embark for Cape Town.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

It has been just as we expected! The General has received a triumphant and enthusiastic reception in the Eastern Province and at Montreal. Information which has reached the Cry office from one source and another all goes to show that the meetings in the Territory could not have been over-estimated.

Toronto at the present is the scene of intense activity. In a week or so Salvationists will flood the streets. When we think of the dead troops, the great march, and the reception of our dearly beloved General, the Massey Hall, officers' and soldiers' councils, we almost leap for joy.

Captains Locke and Freeman have left for the East, where they will superintend the erection of two buildings, at Sydney, C.B., and New Glasgow, N.B.

The new Training Home on Sherbourne Street is going up with a rush, and its exterior already looks magnificent.

Major McMillan made a flying visit to Headquarters this week, and gives a glowing account of the work in West Ontario.

Adjutants McHarg, Coombs, Cameron, and Ensigns Howcroft, Hely, Jarvis, and Howcroft, all of the West Ontario Province, are under farewell orders.

A new barracks will be opened at Sault Ste. Marie on Nov. 20th. Capt. LeCocq and his aides have worked like Trojans, and deserve great praise for their untiring efforts.

Ensign Hyde has been appointed Financial Special for Central Ontario Province.

A timber limit containing five thousand cords of wood has been secured for the benefit of our Dawson wood yard.

Dawson raised three hundred and fifty dollars for Harvest Festival.

Riverside's Big Day.

(Special.)

The visit of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Starnon, the Training Home Staff, and City Cadets, thoroughly aroused the interest and drew out the best of our soldiers. Meetings and inside meetings will long be remembered. The Cadets fought like Trojans from commencement to finish. The Cadets' band added considerably to the interest and did remarkably well, all things considered. Meetings were powerful and well attended. The people helped liberally with their money. Two souls started for the Kingdom, of whom one man, about 34 years of age, told us in his testimony that he had really come out of prison after having spent the last seventeen years of his life there. The wind-up was indescribable. Great expectations for Monday night.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF DUTY.

We may overcome depression by duty. It is a blessed thing to have something to do. Some disaster overtakes us, or a great sorrow swoops down on our spirit, and it seems as though life can have nothing in store that is desirable. But life still has its wants. It still has its humble duties, and we take them up almost mechanically at first, but before long we find that they are medicinal. Thank God for something to do!

The depression of an active spirit frequently arises from enforced idleness. It was after John the Baptist was shut up in prison that he sent his disciple to say to Jesus, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus did not reproach the prophet of the wilderness for asking such a question. His forerunner had not lost his faith, but his active spirit was depressed by confinement within the blackness of the mountain fortress of Machaberas.

Our Soldiers' Page.

Daily Readings

"The discretion of a man defereth his anger; and it is his SUNDAY. glory to pass over a transgression."—Prov. xix. 11.

Forgiving injuries. Sir Matthew Hale, the celebrated judge, had so completely gained the government of his passions that, though naturally of a quick temper, he was never seen in a passion, nor did he ever resent injuries. One day a person who had done him a great injury came to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate, which he very readily gave him, but would accept no fee for it. When he was asked how he could behave so kindly to a man who had wronged him so much, his answer was, "I thank God that I have learned to forgive and forget."

"Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and went upon them as they were talking with him."

MONDAY.

Gen. xiv. 15. Our readers will do well to read the whole chapter. Brotherly love. In a village churchyard, in Staffordshire, the following epiph may be seen. It is there applied to a husband, but by altering the word "husband" to "brother" it may be singularly appropriate to Joseph, for surely he is worthy of the praise implied in the description of a most admirable character:

"He has—by words are wanting to think what a 'brother' should be. He was that."

Joseph, as a lad, helped his brothers; as a prince, he pardoned them; as a man he wept with them over their dead father. Another example of brotherly love is Cato. When he was asked who his best friend, he answered, "My brother." "And next to him?" "My brother." "And who after that?" "Still my brother." Yet there is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Who is he?

TUESDAY.

"And that servant, who knew his Lord's will, and prepared himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

Luke xii. 47. Rev. F. R. Meyer, speaking of the things that go to make a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile and approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, setting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfill fully the duties of your station; to use the utmost of the gifts of your ministry; to bear cheery annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillar and stake; to find the noble trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life."

WEDNESDAY. "And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."—Luke xvii. 5.

South Africa, had been sick for weeks, and had taken a "deal of medicine." Christians had visited and prayed with her, but she says, "the prayer of faith that brought the healing power to

my body, and a blessing to my soul was offered up by a converted coolie, who seemed to take hold of God in a remarkable manner." Not only was she healed then and there, but her servant, who was sleeping at the bedside, awoke crying for salvation, and got converted a little afterwards. Lord, increase our faith!

THURSDAY.

"For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all that call upon Thee."—Ps. lxxviii. 5.

"O Lord, if You see anyone hiding behind anyone else in this crowded meeting, may they rush from their hiding-place, crying for mercy." The prayer was hardly uttered by the officer, before a lady who was really hiding behind a big man at the back, pushed her way through the crowded aisle, and threw herself at the penitent form crying, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" She got converted that night, and has often publicly testified to the fact.

FRIDAY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins."—Isa. xlii. 22.

The meeting had hardly started at Sealwood, South Africa, in fact while the first hymn was being sung, she volunteered and

came boldly out to the penitent form, where she quickly found salvation, before our soldiers had all testified. So she stood up and said, "I have often attended Army meetings, and have sometimes wondered why others have got converted, and not me. But last night I dreamt I saw the Saviour, and I asked Him about it. 'Why did you not come to the penitent form and show yourself to Me?' He asked, adding, 'then I would have blotted out your sins.' So to-night I came, and He has done it, glory be to His name! Now I mean to tell others how to come to Christ."

SATURDAY.

"And He said unto them, Why are ye fearful, ye of little faith."—Mark iv. 40.

"Since it is reasonable," says Dean Swift, "to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt the reason of ours which would demonstrate all things." As a matter of fact, we all believe many things which we would not and could not demonstrate. A man may have perfect faith in the truth of his wife or of his friend; he may be most wise in not listening to a question on the matter, yet other people have been deceived in such confidence, and he would be unable to give any logical proof that it was impossible for himself to make a mistake such as theirs.

with the words, "It is too beautiful," on his lips, his spirit took its flight to its heavenly home. Thus he died, a martyr for God! Perhaps the most difficult part of our work here, especially in Paris, was the selling of



Even our Girls were Brutally Treated by the Gendarmes.

the "En Avant!" Selling in the cafes and on the streets, our officers and soldiers were stoned, arrested, imprisoned, and persecuted in every possible way, yet God blessed this work, and it is carried on to-day with great success.

It was in the autumn of 1882 that our little illustrated "En Avant" was at length launched, after desperate tussles with the language, it at once became a great help to the work, and has been used of God for many definite cases of conversion. We soon had subscribers in all parts of France, and also in Switzerland, Belgium, and among scattered groups of French-speaking emigrants in distant lands. As many as 1,500 copies have been sold in one week in the streets of Paris, with this feature that a Frenchman will ever read better what he pays for than what he gets for nothing. He feels a sort of duty to himself to get the value for his money. So the sceptic is sure to read, even if only to get a laugh, and thus the truth can penetrate his heart and arouse his conscience. Even torn or soiled fragments of the paper have gone on doing their work.

On the first "fete des morts (fete of the dead)" after the appearance of the "En Avant!" we issued a number especially prepared for the occasion. Fifteen hundred copies were sold in one afternoon among the crowds who streamed into the great cemetery of Pere la Chaise to visit the tombs of their relatives.

Switzerland the fight was terrible. Our officers went about with their lives in their hands. Expelled English officers crossed the frontier at night or in disguise, and held meetings on this forbidden soil so far without being caught, though the police on one occasion just arrived in hot haste as the bird had flown.

No book can truly tell the story of this year, the struggles all along our side, the future victory gained, of which the outer was but a robe. But the fight was being successfully waged, and the foundation was laid for the grand work we have there to-day.

(To be continued.)

SELF-RESTRAINT.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness; whilst others, it may be much less gifted, make their way easily and steadily, and achieve success by simple patience, equality, and self-control.

When good comes to anyone, rejoice.

The largest congregation and the greatest outward success are vain if our faith does not take in the "merry seat" and the covenant of God's promise and law.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

A GLANCE AT ARMY WORK

"It is not in the power of language, spoken or written to convey to the minds of our readers any adequate idea of the terrible persecutions and sufferings borne by our noble comrades in France and Switzerland, which were, perhaps, the most difficult fields of Salvation warfare. In spite of it all, "En Avant!" was their motto, and forward, step by step, they advanced. Even when the Goliaths of infidelity stride across the track, and when the fiery furnace of persecution was heated to the highest pitch before their very eyes, and when Government decrees put a dungeon penalty on every prayer meeting and every effort to save the lost, though oppressed by policemen and

Blood-thirsty Mob,

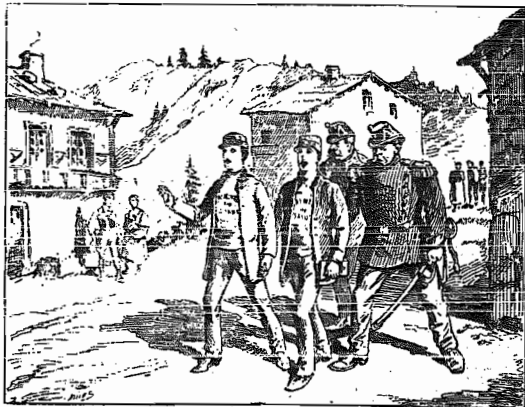
and though expulsion and exile sought to shut out the message of salvation from citizen and people, God gave them the victory and helped them to march "En Avant!" Wherever the Army methods have been brought to bear upon the kingdoms of darkness, God has honored them with success.

Detailed accounts of these five years of warfare, of expulsions, imprison-

MENTS, ASSAULTS, OF GOVERNMENT AND

hand-to-hand persecutions would fill a volume, yet our story would not be complete without some further reference to the early struggles. We will, therefore, briefly review one year's war, in order to keep us in touch with the world-wide Salvation Army at this period of its history. Scarcely had the New Year (1886) dawned upon the face of time than Louis Jeannomel fell a martyr for God. At the door of that Quai Valmy Hall, in Paris, there was a fierce struggle took place, as he was keeping the door, a French ruffian rushed at him head first, and inflicted a death-blow near the heart. Two or three days of intense suffering followed, without a murmur he bore it all, and passed on to the front to be with Jesus. How blessedly and triumphantly he died! As his comrades gathered around him and sang, 'neath the suppressed sob,

"Radeux Sejour, Radeux Sejour, Ou les anges vont me porter un jour," ("Radiant Home, Radiant Home, Where the angels will carry me one day"),



The Police Persecutions in Switzerland.

Our World-Wide Warfare.

FRANCE.

THE establishment of the Salvation Army in Paris dates from 1881. Its field of action was in Rue Oberkampf, in the populous and Communist quarter of "the Temple." What terrible fighting against sin and iniquity the heroic young girls, who were the first to plant the Salvation Army flag in France, had to undergo—alone, without support, scarcely knowing the language.

Nothing would give a better idea of the fighting in the early days than the following lines which we took from a number of the *En Avant* published at that time:

"What tumultuous scenes come to our remembrance. In the middle of the meeting the crowd breaks out into shouts of 'We don't want any religion! We have been deceived! Down with Jesus Christ!'"

"Ah! you shout that because you do not know Him," reply the Salvationists. "Yes, you have been deceived; we know it; that is why we have come here to bring you the truth."

"Truth! There is no truth! Religion is a stupid affair. None of that here! None of that here!"

"How we praised God that our soldiers have never returned blow for blow, or insult for insult, even when they have been struck, insulted, or wounded by all manner of things thrown at them."

Such Truly Heroic Fights

were not without results. Drunkards became sober men, model fathers of families, and hard workers. Anarchists gave themselves up, body and soul, to the service of Jesus; debauched men gave up dissipation and vice.

A corps was opened, then a second one. From Paris the work spread to the provinces, and little by little the French Salvation Army was formed, raising up its own officers and partially meeting the expenses of the work. To-day the National Headquarters is established in the heart of Paris, at No. 3 Rue Auber, and our banner of hope and salvation floats in the large towns of France and in many of the country villages. Various works for the social uplifting of the outcast classes have been commenced.

The Salvation Army has taken its place amongst the associations legally recognized in France by registering its Statutes at the Prefecture of Police in conformity with the Law of Associations.

The Present Leader

of the Salvation Army in France is Commissioner G. S. Ralston, one of the pioneer officers of the Salvation Army.

But what are some dozens of halls and these few Social Institutions in comparison with the need of the hour?

What is even the admirable work of the churches of various faiths? Work of all kinds? The government movements which have raised here and there in France lighthouses of salvation?

What is it in the face of the 500,000 drinking shops, where our French people ruin themselves, body and soul?

What is it before the countless places of debauchery, where our youth goes down to the "dwellings of death?"

What is it before the depths of misery, poverty, and despair?

Set the World on Fire.

When our Lord Jesus Christ left the earth, after a ministry filled with miracles and wonderful works, He only left behind Him eleven apostles and a few disciples, amongst whom there were feeble women. But these poor people, these "little ones," these weak ones according to the world, set out filled with love and baptized by the Holy Spirit.

What did they do? They set the world on fire. They overcame by its foundations the heathenism which was in power to such an extent that in the second century Tertullian wrote:

"The number of Christians has so greatly increased, that people have risen up against us. The country, the castles, the islands, are filled with

Christians; persons of all ages, both sexes, and all classes of society, even those of the first rank, hasten to enrol themselves amongst them."

What God has done once, can He not do again? Come and enrol yourself in our holy crusade, under the cross and the flag!

So many a stranger visiting this country, it is quite a surprise to encounter, perhaps on some great thoroughfare, or amongst the tables of some large cafe, an officer of the Salvation Army offering its weekly paper for sale.



The Headquarters of the Salvation Army in France, 3 Rue Auber, Paris.

The Army has so generally been regarded as an English institution that it is a common experience in such cases for the officers to be saluted with an "Oh, yes," or expression in English. But, though introduced into this country from England, the work has been so successful in reproducing itself, that there is

No Longer an English Officer

laboring in any French corps.

In the largest cities, as well as in Paris, and in many country districts, the Army's work is being done exactly as in England and America, but by means of those who have been brought to give themselves to God in its French meetings. Such meetings have often been much smaller than the English ones, owing chiefly to the want of means to hire large buildings; but it matters not, whether fifty or five hundred people sing our songs and hear our testimonies as to the power of Christ to save, renew, or preserve those who trust in Him. The old story tells wherever it is heard from witnesses who live in the joy of it, and, alas! there are amidst all the large populations of to-day only too many without hope in the world, who need to hear the old message of love Divine.

The following description of one of our meetings written recently

By a Newspaper Correspondent,

who shows plainly enough his own want of spiritual union with us, is so characteristic of what may be seen and heard amongst us in any of our halls that we prefer it as a testimony both to the nature of our work and its results over anything we could ourselves recount.

"The meeting had already begun when I entered. The Army was at its best."

"On the platform was an old man with white hair and beard. Mixed up in the hall were Salvation soldiers and profane persons. Beside me sat a big man—probably a tradesman of the neighborhood—with his wife and grown-up daughters. Further on were

a group of young people, evidently come for a bit of fun, some work-girls of the Rue de la Paix who had promised themselves a pleasant evening, some wondering sight-seers, and even some 'démol-daines.'"

"Upon my faith, all these people seem very attentive!"

"A salvationist rises on the platform and says:

"My friends and brothers, let us begin by offering this evening's meeting to God. May He bless it, and may it bring some penitent to Him—to Jesus."

"Before he had finished a very tall and thin man rises. He is a leader in the Army. With a powerful voice he cries:

"Let us sing, my brothers; let us sing, let us celebrate the glory of Jesus," and at once everybody begins, to an attractive air, a hymn of joy.

I was: I returned here several times, and one evening, after weeping, I came here, rose and confessed my sins, and promised henceforth to consecrate myself to God. And I felt how greatly I was changed. Oh, now I live—now I am happy. If anybody does not believe it, they have only to look at me. I bless Thee, O Saviour!"

"The testimonies continue—and then the old man who presides, after delivering an address, prays. All the Salvationists are kneeling, some with hands joined, others looking up to heaven, others bowed down to the ground, and one hears on every side, 'Yes, Thou canst. Do it, Jesus, in response to the leader that souls may be saved. Then all the audience join in a chorus."

"It is a strange sight, and whilst the last couplet is sung the staff go about amongst the audience. Every Salvationist goes and sits by the side of a sinner, and talks to him about the Army, about his salvation, the Lord, etc."

Hand of Brotherhood.

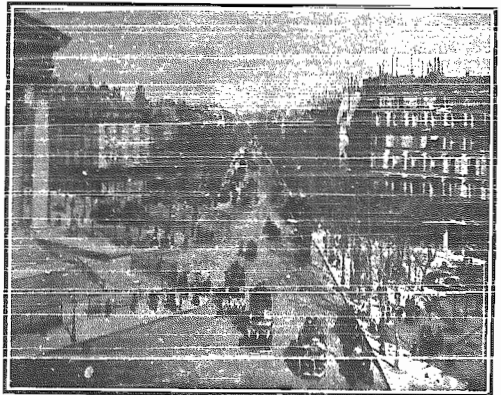
We rejoice especially in the growing realization everywhere that the Army stretches out a hand of true brotherhood towards everyone in need, no matter what that need may be; and that, slender as that need may be, we can always guarantee to all comers a personal sympathy and interest infinitely more precious than money, and which, being produced by the eternal love of God, continues year after year unchanged.

But we are compelled still to seek help from our friends to sustain this work, because most of those who in France have the means to assist are either prejudiced entirely against anything like a religious mission of this kind, or have as much as they can do to sustain such efforts connected with their own churches.

WHAT RELIGION IS.

Life comes before growth. The soldier must enlist before he can serve. In vain, direction how to keep the fire ever burning on the altar, if first it be not kindled. No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be constant and lasting, that springs not, as its primary source, from faith in Jesus Christ. To know Christ as my Saviour—to come with all my guilt and weakness to Him in whom trembling penitence never fails to find a Friend—to cast myself at His feet in whom all that is sublime in Divine holiness is softened, though not obscured, by all that is beautiful in human tenderness; and believing in that love stronger than death, which, for me, and such as are drawn the cup of untold sorrows, and bore without a murmur the bitter curse of sin, to trust my soul for time and eternity into His hands—this is the beginning of true religion.

You may be deprived of rank and riches against your will; but not of virtue against your consent.



Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

THE GENERAL IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

St. John, N.B., Reception — One Thousand Soldiers and Officers Addressed Saturday Night — Three Crowded Meetings at the Opera House—Enthusiasm at White Heat—The Climax of Monday at the Rink—Officers' Councils Heavenly—Halifax Does Splendidly—All Previous Records of the East Left Behind.



E pinched ourselves to make sure it was real. Like many a long-anticipated event, its realization seemed like a dream. For months upon the brain of the Territory has burned the promise of the General's coming, and now that the waiting had dwindled to moments for his again footing Canada's shores, a thrill went through the whole Dominion, and St. John, honored as the scene of his arrival, nearly lost its head.

"Indeed it'll be something more than your head you'll lose if you're not careful," exclaimed the much-tried dignity in brass buttons who sought to keep the crowd from occupying every inch of the railway track. Elbowed from left to right, his baton pushed as much as it was pushing, he was a trying position for a man of so much official and physical weight! We were sorry for him, especially when the small boy element, never absent from such occasions, eyed on citizens of unusually irreproachable propriety to encroach yet further upon the prerogative of the advancing train. But when you have not seen the Army's hero and leader for over four years, and who there are more than a thousand souls, and each as eager as yourself, and some blessed with bodies of much larger proportions, all pushing and panting for the same sight, it is a small thing to get and hold on to a front-trank place.

A distant whistle, then a nearer one, and the dull roar of an approaching train. The crowd swayed to and fro in indescribable excitement. The band strikes up its brightest tune, and many people nearly overtopped in their eagerness to stand on tiptoe all the time. We tread on somebody's toes, but our apologies are absorbed in the pain of a similar outrage committed on our own. We are amused at the struggles of a fashionable lady wedged in amid the Salvation crowd, to keep her Parisian costume in shape. But this is not the time to think of corps or costumes, for there is the train, the car—and the General.

Indescribable emotions storm our heart as the tall hat and silver head of the Army's hero appear upon his face, and with the good-tide of gratitude welling up within us that it is our privilege to call this great apostle ours, mingled pride and joy for a moment held us dumb.

It was not counted a public reception. After the stupor of heavy traveling, and the arduous hours ahead, a semi-private reception had been agreed upon, but with several thousand extra people flooding the city, and a large proportion of their followers of the flag, the privacy could only be maintained in name. Nearly carried on our feet by the crowd, we swept with it to the entrance after the General, who walked with his well-remembered slow, but steady tread. The tall figure of Commissioner Pollard—a new face to Canada, and a warmly-greeted one—walked on the General's left. On the right, to the immense satisfaction of St. John, there stopped the well-known form of Canada's own Commissioner, and with a final volley of ringing satisfaction we watched the carriage driven off with its honored load, and turned to the discussion of luggage and reception.

Mr. Joseph Bullock's hospitality led the General took up his temporary Headquarters, for such, rather than billet, his places of sojourn invariably seem.

Telegrams, codes, and stenographers' paraphernalia make themselves in evidence immediately, and what scant rest and refreshment the General does permit himself are purely and only means to aid him. Mr. Bullock, who is one of the oldest friends of our work in the Dominion, and whose generous made possible the Army's spacious Maternity Hospital in St. John, greeted the General warmly, and with the genial remark, "The General is now in command here," placed everything within the household under orders.

The importunities of the press were not slow in making claims. We could not urge their appeals when the General had done so much, and had so much more ahead of him, but with the humorous remark that it would scarcely be courteous to say "No" to a fair reporter, the General gave up a full hour of his crowded afternoon to the interrogations of a noted lady interviewer, who expressed herself as feeling this the most honored and privileged laborer of her literary career. Extracts of this interview, which dealt chiefly with the problem of the juvenile "hoolligan," a species occasioning St. John considerable concern, will be found elsewhere.

"Just for your own people, I suppose," said a lady rather wistfully, as we tied on our bonnet for the soldiers' meeting a few hours later. "They are privileged to be in at the start." And so that happy crowd, resplendent in uniform, wreathed in one broad smile, felt itself in the No. 1 barracks, which, packed to its utmost capacity, was to be the scene of the General's first meeting of his present campaign in the Dominion.

There is untold inspiration in a good start, and tonight's was an ideal engagement. A soldiers' council may lack the bravado of a more public opening, but there is a sense in which a fervor which first takes hold of the heart of the concern is the most inspiring and lasting enthusiasm of all. In this instance it set the pace to a quick step of onward march and victory.

But the General is here, and we hide our metaphysics and our notebook under the chair to join in the ovation which greets him. Stentorian voices from the galleries mingle with the voices of Salvation trumpets raised in the Annapolis Valley; fishermen's throats roar "Amen!" and "God bless you!" with the breeze of briny reverberating from every town, while above them all sound the shrill excitement of a few Newfoundlanders who have managed to steal across for the occasion. But whatever we may have to say about the public receptions, we once and for all avow our inability to reproduce a soldiers' welcome to the General. It is too much of the soul to be transmitted into a description of cold type.

Colonel Lawley's song kept the steam up. We were glad to hear the veteran soloist again. He has lost nothing in weight or volume since the last time he voiced the sinners' needs upon a Canadian platform.

The preliminaries are brief. They are already over, and the General is on his feet, with a gesture silencing the excitement of the shout which greets him. But the ecstasy burst out again more irrepressible than ever as he tells us how glad he is to come; how he loves us, and how he has the "conceit" to think we love him, to which every heart in the building thunders an "Amen!" and a ponderous "Better than ever!" We could have listened for hours while he expatiated on the fact, had the General been so minded, but he was not, he had come with a different purpose, and that to bless, and lost no time in getting to it right away.

Those who were not in need of blessing were better elsewhere. There was a word about tomorrow, brief and to the point. Every saved man, in the General's estimation, should bring with him a sinner or backslider. "What a day that will be," he said, "when, instead of getting to reserved seats by ticket, you'll get there by bringing the greatest and wickedest scalliwag you can find. We should get the right kind of people into our meetings then, and bless the bringer's hearts into the bargain. Special places would be reserved for the drunkard's ticket, the sweaver's ticket, the blasphemer's ticket—all the chief places at our spiritual feasts filled by them. My ticket system would be the finest in the world."

But into that meeting many a needy heart had come, and with that marvelous intuition which is a gift of the divine, the General grappled with those particular difficulties, and shed light upon the peculiar darkness which beset the way, for those who had left the ranks were included in the invitations, and many a hungry soul behind a uniformed exterior had entered, too. We forgot who and what we were to the world as the General spoke. He loved out our hearts, and soiled with horror upon the revelation.

"Does the General mean me?" shivered a man near the back, as he

listened to the description of one who had almost died of death by neglect, and almost driven the Spirit of God from his throne there by reason of his wretched compromising with the world.

"How could he know?" sobbed a woman, breaking heart, who strove in vain to hide its emotion as the General portrayed the agonies of remorse that come upon the life which, though outwardly devoted to others, is inwardly lived for self alone.

With tender fervor the General besought his children to give their souls some thought, and forsake the folly of letting things take their own course. Ships left to themselves went to the wreck, and souls left to themselves went there too. Nor did the General plead in vain. The crowd thought, and thought with an intensity that brought to some insupportable anguish and contrition. The baneful anarchisms and wickednesses had scarcely seemed to exist when we entered the meeting—now they looked mountains of difficulty shutting out God, and burying the soul in unutterable depths of grief and humiliation.

When the second soul in an agony asked the despairing eyes of the heart-backslider. Yes; the General shows a way here and now, and invites every one who wants complete restoration, renewed joy, and forgiveness, to take it on the spot.

"Who will lead the way?" exclaimed the General, exhausted, but earnest as ever, leaning over the platform rail, unutterable yearning in his voice. "To New York, and day in two back, a man made the first strike for salvation—who will be the first here?"

"A Salvation soldier for a clean heart," was the reply from the centre of the hall, and a bulky figure of a man arose and walked up the front.

The outspoken confession of one unlocked the smothered conviction of many. Tears and trembling lips met the fishers throughout the hall.

"Lord, deliver me—deliver me!" pleaded the second soul in an agony of contrition, his sobe scholars above the prayers of those offering petitions on his behalf. He was a backslider, and on the verge of despair. Ere this man was on his feet with the light of a new joy breaking through the shadow of his tears, the penitent form was crowded with seeking souls. Heart-breaking stories were told while a prayer meeting at white heat went on, and ere in a climax of holy enthusiasm the Army's docology was sung with full-voiced gratitude, twenty-nine men and women had stepped out of their Egypt into very Canaan's of liberty and delight. Some poor hearts, however, with the thousand of the devil's persuasions, cried their burdens out again. But there yet remains to-morrow, and we may hear of these again.

"Let us get to business," it was the General's voice, and in that moment the attention of the crowd was focussed with him.

Despite the dismal drizzle of a dreary morning the Opera House was comfortably filled. That the elements had not dampened the high spirits on the platform was evidenced by the ringing volleys which greeted the General's incoming, and the universal air of expectation which showed itself in the crowd. Everybody seemed in good spirits, and one felt as if inclined to spend a second or two in congratulating the noble presence of the General, and the inspiring vigor with which he had come. But it was not the intention of the General to permit us to be thus taken off—"To business" was the command, and to business we went.

That it was a serious business was evidenced by the sober words of the



Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, of St. John, N.B. Who entertained the General during his visit to the N. B. capital.



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SUNDAY MORNING'S MEETING IN THE OPERA HOUSE.

Despite the dismal drizzle of a dreary morning the Opera House was comfortably filled. That the elements had not dampened the high spirits on the platform was evidenced by the ringing volleys which greeted the General's incoming, and the universal air of expectation which showed itself in the crowd. Everybody seemed in good spirits, and one felt as if inclined to spend a second or two in congratulating the noble presence of the General, and the inspiring vigor with which he had come. But it was not the intention of the General to permit us to be thus taken off—"To business" was the command, and to business we went.

That it was a serious business was evidenced by the sober words of the

first song announced by the General himself—an old favorite of his, which we have heard him repeat to many a hungry throng across the wine Atlantic, "Cleansing for me."

"Not quite the hymn one would have expected," reflected an eminently respectable person who had left their own church for the first time in their lives to hear the General preach, "but I suppose it is the Army's way." Yes, it is the Army's way, and the Army General's way to preach to all and every need of the hour, and a heart renewed in every thought, word, and deed. A high standard, as the General showed us that morning, but, as he also pointed out, a not impossible one. For this lady there were some surprises in store.

We were to have a wonderful time this morning. The General said so, and in our own very bones we believed that we were.

"We had a wonderful time last night," said the General, glancing over the crowd. "It is a pity that you were not there to get blessed, instead of being so tired and weary as you are now to have over by the stove. The only way to pull some of you folks out is to burn those easy chairs, then we should have a chance of getting you to the meetings."

This was the General's first public meeting in St. John so far as the present campaign was concerned, and hence a few words of greeting must be spoken. They were, however, very few. The General seemed to want to get to definite dealing with the souls of the people. He had come, he told them, to do what he could to push forward the claims of Jesus Christ, and to worst of all, to "ease up" him, and to his humorous flashes, "you have still got a devil in some shape or form in Canada nowadays. I am not so intimately acquainted with him as I am with the devil on the other side, and I dare say he's not so bad (or you think he is not) as the devil there've got over the border. But the devil's the devil all the same, and I've no doubt he now and then looks you up."

Some of us had our ideas turned inside out and upside down that morning. The man who believed that religion meant a long face and a heavy heart had to own that he knew nothing about it at all, and the woman who had been grieving because the profession she felt bound to make debarred her from the worldly pleasures she had hankered after, discovered that she had not the right kind of thing at all. The independence of a joy that the troubles of the world have not power to slay down, the glories of a joy which the temptations of the world had not power to dim, the everlasting of a joy which in the hour and article of death but sprang up in new life to the dawn of an eternal morrow—this, we realized, was true religion.

We were cured of this kind, or was it a miserable dragging of duty and incontinence—the cue toward God and the other toward the world?

"Oh, the thousands of people," cried the General, "who seek to live on the promises of God, and yet hanker after the forbidden things of the world! Like the Children of Israel, when God had brought them through and out from bondage of their Egyptian service, yet hankered after the onions of Egypt that had Hebrew their palates. Oh, this hankering after the onions—the pleasures—the companionships of this world. You know you can't save your soul and have them, but you want them—onions."

The illustration was one of exceptional force and hit more than one heart, which was irrefragable in outward seeming, and particularly tender way. That there was deliverance from this desire, as well as from the actual doing of wrong, was plainly declared. The man who was arguing with his own conscience that so long as he did not seek the sin, the wish for it God could not remove or reprove was forestalled.

"Oh, nothing, hesitating heart," said the General, "don't limit the power of God. People are always saying, 'I cannot do this,' and 'cannot do that.' For my part, I haven't been going about all these years without finding out what He can do, and I tell you His power is boundless, and boundless on your behalf."

So they proved it. Fifteen men and women that morning—some of them representing the heart-struggles of years. If we mistake not the ranks of

officership will be enriched by some consecrations made then and there.

"Well, one more, and it will have to be the last." The

SUNDAY door-keeper's usually AFTERNOON, serene countenance looked slightly rumen, and we pushed within the very message aperture he granted our entrance without worrying him with questions.

Once within, the mystery was explained. The Opera House represented a state of congestion which might have given door-keepers of even great stolidity to feel some measure of alarm. We pushed open the doors of the arena as we passed, but there was not an inch of standing-room. Then we remembered the eager crowd which had clamored at our heels up the stairs, and wondered not at our grudging admission.

Five minutes later we stood in the registration room—marked on the door "Chorus ladies," but now bedecked with the neat paraphernalia of our penitents' after-chamber, and already sanctified by the tears and resolutions of souls newly-washed in the blood of the Lamb. The window overlooked the street, and we leaned out. The street was lined with men. "Can't you let us in?" they pleaded, and in answer to the negative reply they shouted, "Well, tell us what time to come to-night; we must hear him." Some of these were unknown tramps, and our hearts yearned over them. "Just the sort that the General is after," we murmured, but we had to comfort ourselves with the remembrance of the many frayed coat-sleeves that we had already noticed crowding the dainty windows of wealthier folks, and hope and pray that those outside would be on time for the meeting to-night, and for salvation.

Within, the scene was one of inspiration. The flood of waving white handkerchiefs and resonant hallelujahs which greeted the General was loud and prolonged. Everybody put all they had of vigor and voice into it, down to the man at the back of the platform who either did not own or had mislaid his pocket-handkerchief and waved his hand frantically instead. But the Commissioner in at the front, song-book in hand, the band is ready, and at her word a rousing opening verse is sung—sung with a will and a volume that make the Opera

House resound as it has never echoed to worldlier strains. Then Commissioner Pollard prays. There is but a brief preliminary, and the General is again on his feet. "What has he for us this afternoon?" is the thought of all, some look forward with unalloyed pleasure to the inspiration which they know is in store; others, with darker hearts, dread the thought of the conviction which for them they know is coming. Nor are they mistaken. The General's utterances are divine. His insight into the needs of the people, his knowledge of their transgressions manifestly inspired. Strong men tremble and women shake as he shows up the hidden unrighteousness of their souls.

The air heated by a vapor of a sultry afternoon becomes changed into a severer intensity. The weight of spiritual conflict rests upon the crowd. The soul of the people is in travail on account of its sin. The sceptic is not forgotten—his so-called questioning covering too often unconfessed condemnation of heart appeared as it was, and there were those who made up their minds in that meeting if they did not serve God, at least they would not laugh at religion again. "How can I tell you what the peace and power of God is in the heart, or what are its workings?" It cannot be expressed, but it can be felt—it can be known.

Was it because the strongholds of iniquity had received such rebuff that the forces of opposition lined up so strongly in the prayer meeting? We had a hand-to-hand conflict, and like six souls who pressed their way through were the results of an almost super-human struggle.

"O Lord, let Thy voice speak to that man in the gallery," **SUNDAY** who is marked first for **EVENING**. O Lord, let Thy mercy appeal to that woman downstairs whose hours even now may be numbered.

It was the night meeting—the Opera House was jammed to the doors, which were again closed to a disappointed throng, and Colonel Lawley was praying. Solemn words, you say—

—it was a solemn meeting. The defiant joy of this opening song, given out by the Commissioner, and further emphasized by the General, laid hold of the crowd as they sang, at the General's bidding, notes that



The Hon. L. J. Tweedie,
Premier of New Brunswick.

were loud, long, and full. It was the old tune, "Will you go?"

"No," said the General, as the Commissioner's sweet voiced enunciation pleaded, "My old companions, fare ye well." "As for myself, I have made my choice. I am on the road to heaven; and through the company might be the happiest and best of earth (which it is not) I will not tread the downward path to please anybody—I am going on."

Only the pen of the recording angel can keep the minutes of that meeting, or of the General's words. Before the gaze of conscience the judgment throne was erected. Men saw themselves—as they had not known they were—as God saw them. The intensity of feeling was acute—almost of pain.

Was it heavenly Röntgen rays with which the General was entrusted, as he swept aside the masks of form and creed and standing? Some faces looked almost distorted as they listened. They were looking at the distortion of their souls.

Beware! The General's voice was pathetic—but demands were quick—men listened as to the foretelling of their doom. "The road you tread is terribly risky. Only one more step and you may splash on the brimstone wave." Yet the infinite tenderness of the speaker drew tears to the eyes unaccustomed to weep, and made the severity of his sterner utterances the more forceful. "Oh, backslider," he pleaded, "do not deem my words hard. God knows how my heart bleeds for you—how it yearns for you—how it hungers to lead you back."

The feeling grew electric as the General went on to portray the precarious position of the procrastinator—the man who wanted his wings, yet besought God to wait his time. Then the bitter awakening, the shuddering dawn, when the soul woke up to its danger, turned to the neglected corner to which it had consigned its Master, turned to find God gone, and gone for all eternity.

The eternal agony of that discovery fastened itself upon the throng. Eternal issues were at stake; we felt destinies were in the balance as the General closed.

Exhausted with the long day's efforts, as he must have been, the General kept upon his feet, stretching out his arms again and again over the people, imploring the wanderers to come home. And they came, with marks of intense conviction upon their brows.

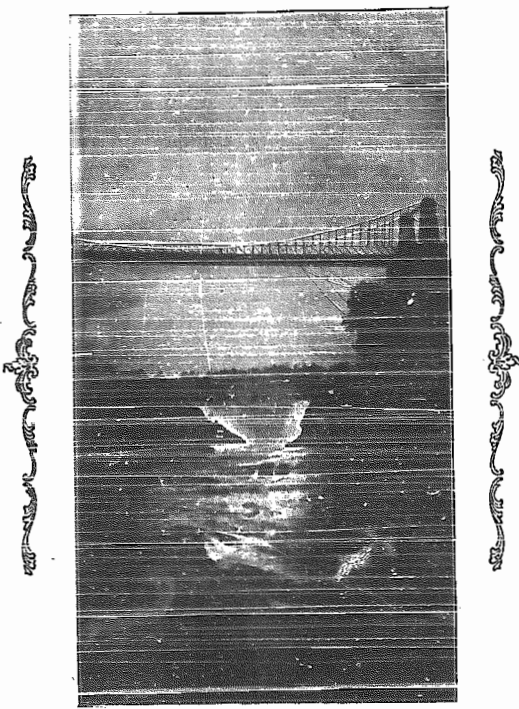
It was an indescribable prayer meeting. For a moment we stood at the back and watched it. The hall was nearly as full as at the start; conviction was playing havoc with the people; tears and groans were manifest on every hand while at the stage there stood the silver-haired prophet pleading for his God and the claims of the soul. Then there was the crowded mercy seat, above which blazoned the heart-searching motto, in letters of white and scarlet, "You had better settle the matter now."

We turned, a wrinkled hand was on our arm, a fearful face over which April smiles were breaking was by our side. "Oh, my dear," said a feeble voice, "if this is so grand, what must—what can—heaven be like?"

And forty-one souls that night did settle it for time and eternity.

Ninety-one at the mercy seat is the record for St. John's two days, but there is not room to account for, and greater things are ahead.

(Continued on page 12.)



"Grand Falls," Upper St. John River.

TERRITORIAL CORPS REPORTS.

A Great Victory.

Blenheim.—Our Harvest Festival target of \$45 was knocked out of sight. Although things looked a little difficult at first, Capt. Barner, though not very strong, put her shoulder to the wheel and collected personally the sum of \$20. Seeing the town is being canvassed in the interest of prohibition, our harvest festival proceeds may have been favored with a visit from our new Financial Special, Ensign White. This is an old battleground of the Ensigns, and we were pleased to see him again. The lantern service was much enjoyed. We had good meetings on Sunday, and at night a large crowd sought deliverance.—*Joe Graham*

Escape Seemed Impossible.

Doting Cove.—Things have commenced to hum again. Our comrades are getting home from the fishery, and we are having good times. Sunday was a day of blessing, and I heard the Captain say the comrades fought well against the Devil, and were saved by the sinners to the Blood. The afternoon was an old-time rouser, and the night's meeting was a heart-searching time. Volley after volley was fired into the enemy's ranks, and the Captain came forward with the Word of the Spirit. Escape seemed impossible. Five came to the fountain. At the same time six were shot, and six were gloriously slain. The Captain said, "I wish to be a fisherman's fishing—Fisher Boy."

Sacking the Lord.

Halifax I.—We are very glad to report victory in reaching our Harvest Festival target. We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Howell, who conducted a united soldiers' meeting, which brought much blessing to our souls. We had also Ensign Piercy, with his lantern. Quite a few souls are seeking the Lord, and we are looking forward with great expectations to the visit of our beloved General to this city.—Treas. Caslin.

Five Prodigals Returned.

Doting Cove.—Though the weather has been rough and stormy during the past weeks, and most of the comrades were away, yet God was with us and blessed us. On Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, twelve comrades met to ask God's blessing on the day's meetings, and were not disappointed. In the night meeting the Holy Spirit worked mightily, and five prodigals came back to God. We closed up with a good Newfoundland dance.—W. A. Guy.

The Blind Violinist.

Hamilton, Ber.—On Wednesday night we had a united band festival, which proved a great success. There was a good crowd present. Euslie Sabine, Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, and many of the comrades from St. George's, helped to make the meeting a success. The lively string band from St. George's, consisting of two violas (John and William Taylor, the blind musican, plays the lead), a guitar (by Mrs. Hunter), a flute, and a cornet, was much appreciated by all as they played their different selections. Capt. Prince and Redmond, and some of our comrades from St. George's, with us. The band leaders good music, pushing our Harvest Festival and expect to smash the target in places.—C. Stone.

Great Blessings.

Little Bay.—We are glad to be able to report victory. God has been blessing and helping us in a wonderful way. His Spirit has been at work and quite a number of souls have been saved. The H. F. target, which was \$20, has been completely shattered and broken.—L. M. C. C.

H. F. O. K.

Liverpool.—The question has often been asked, "Did the Harvest Festival result in defeat or victory?" We now answer, "Y! O.K." To God we give the praise. The barracks having an-

propriate decorations added to our success. We owe our esteemed friends gratitude for their assistance. Capt. March and Lieut. Weakley hold the reins here. We are believing for victory.—F. Payne.

Reviving Times.

Medicine Hat.—Since the Harvest Festival effort the work has gone steadily forward. Each soldier seems to have the salvation of souls at heart, the Spirit of God is striving mightily with many who attend the meetings, and eternity will reveal much that never will be known this side of Jordan to those who have prayed and labored to make our meetings a success. At the holiness meeting we had a real reviving time. God blessed our seeking souls, and each and all were strengthened for the work. After

The Chancellor's Visit.

Newport.—We have been favored with a week-end visit from our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Creighton. The meetings were a good success, and everyone was glad to see the Chancellor. God came and wonderfully blessed us, and one soul sought Christ. Many more were convicted. The comrades are full of faith and a burning desire to see souls saved. We extend a hearty invitation to the Staff-Captain to come again. God bless him.—Lieut. Koss.

A Great Hustler.

North Sydney.—Captain and Mrs. Larimore have farewelled, and have also taken with them our War Cry boomer, Lieut. White. My, she was a great hustler! It would do you good to see her on our North Sydney

At night the Captain's subject was, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away." The words spoken went home to the hearts of the people, two poor wayward souls came and found the sinner's Saviour, and many went away with heavy hearts. Our prayer is, Lord, send a revival again."—S. M. Monk.

The New Barracks.

Quebec.—Major Turner and Captain Owens were with us on Sunday. The Major re-opened the barracks. The people turned out well, and the meeting was a good success. Three requested our prayers in the afternoon and we had a wonderful time at night. Our motto is "Onward."—P.

Gave Up His Tobacco.

South-West Arm—During the past week, my hat has been worn by Major White, of Catalina, late Bristol, and by Capt. J. H. D. Davis and Roberts, from Westleyville. The meetings were good and souls were saved. On Sunday afternoon I met a man who had been in the penitentiary for four years, and lived a miserable life, came and knelt at the penitentiary form. For some time he struggled, but not until he was willing to give up every thing. I gave him a Bible, and he put it in his pocket like precious treasure. He had a little tobacco, and placing it before him made a complete sacrifice. At night another poor prodigal returned to the penitentiary, making a total of five for the week. I shall do valiantly.—Millie Cape, Cape.

Eight Seek the Lord.

Spokane.—We have every reason to rejoice and thank God for the victories of the past week. Last Wednesday night our dear brother sought forgiveness, and we believe found it in the mercy of his heart. On Sunday morning, following, our dear brother's precious soul made a full and complete consecration, and at our evening service three dear brothers came forward. Two of these precious souls gained the victory, but the other, who was not so long in making the meeting, officers and soldiers, who seemed and sang again and again, still he seemed hardened, and not making a thorough surrender. We left, asking us to pray for him. Two other precious souls were added to the ranks in our prayers. We are trusting in the Lord for greater victories.—Jes. R.C.

A Blood-and-Fire Minister.

Vancouver—Faith and effort always bring victors. We have reached our H. F. target, for which we thank God. Truly He is the giver of every good gift. He has granted Him for our salvation, for the strength to stand up to press on in the fight, and for His grace that keeps us true. We have had the joy of seeing souls saved, and the joy of seeing them come back to the fold of the Good Shepherd. Our hearts yearn to see them coming in greater numbers to the Lord. We have received a visit from Rev. Mr. Tongue, all the way from Mont. Rev. Tongue is a real Dutta, and a real Salvationist. Although he is a Presbyterian, he takes an active part in our meetings wherever an opportunity presents itself. He is of the fact that he is very much occupied with different branches of Christian work, he spends time to devote a night or two to the work in Butte City. I am sure that God has blessed him with a blessing while with us, and that many will long remember his eloquent earnest and stirring appeals to forsake all and follow him to God. God bless him.—H. N. McMillan.

Sinners Saved—Saints Sanctified.
Winnipeg.—We are having victory. Sinners have been saved and saints brought closer to God. Ensign Mercer was with us for the week-end. We had a lovely time and the Ensign's lantern service was very much appreciated. On Sunday he was with us all day. Sunday night Lieut. Forsberg farewelled, and we welcomed Lieut. Croser to our midst. We pray that her stay here may be as useful and bring as much blessing as that of Lieut. Forsberg.—Redbird.

[illegible]

The Collecting Card of a Friendly Chinaman, Charley Wong, of Sydney, C.B., who undertook to collect \$10 for Ens. Allen, for Harvest Festival.

the meeting we were treated to a very palatable lunch, prepared by the officers and a sister.—P. E. Fonnell.

Heaven Souls Seek Salvation.

Montreal 1.—Sunday's meetings will long be remembered. The devil was out in full force, but God was with us and gave us four souls for pardon and three for holiness. The collections were good. We are looking forward to greater things in the future. Ensign and Mrs. Habbirk are rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter. God bless them.—Irish.

Smashed I

Nauaimo.—Our Harvest Festival target, which was one hundred and twenty dollars, is completely smashed by dint of prayer, faith, and hard work. We are going in for a good winter's work. Capt. Johnston, who is in command, is the right man in the right place, and under his leadership we are looking forward to a successful work being done for the Master.—Cadet Brett.

streets with a monster package of War Cry's under her arm. Her main ambition was to floor both Nigger and Arab, and shine and shine she did. Saturday night's meeting was led by two sisters, and we had a splendid time. The Sunday morning's kneedrive was led by Evangelist Parday. The meetings went with a swing all day. Brother Way finished up at ten o'clock at night, and although we have seen no visible results, we believe there will be a break soon, for the God who lived in Jonah's time, and the God who brought Nineveh to repentance, is able to move North Sydney. Trees.

Faith Rewarded.

Owen Sound.—We have had another victory, and captured one soul. Glory to God! We have been praying faithfully all week for souls, and God has rewarded our faith—Arias, R.C.

Heavy Hearts.
Paradise Sound.—Sunday was a day of power. We started at 7 a.m. in the morning, believing for a revival.

A Hallelujah Wedding.

A wedding took place at Clinton on Wednesday evening, Oct. 8th, when Band-Sergt. Ralph Bezze was united in marriage to Sister Minnie Livermore. The ceremony was performed by Major McMillan. Staff-Capt. Rawling was also present. The bride and groom were Miss Susie Livermore, sister of the bride, and the groomsmen Brother Malcolm Clement. After the matrimonial knot was tied by Major McMillan, short addresses were given by the officers from Seaford, Wilmington, and Goderich, also by Adjt. Coombs, the D. O., from Petrolia. The Clinton S.A. band, in their red tunics with black braid trimmings, and shining instruments, made the meeting lively with their music. After the friends had thronged about the happy couple and congratulated them, the whole party proceeded to the barracks where a wedding banquet was held. There was an abundance of good things, and for a couple of hours the waiters were kept busy. The sister waiters wore white caps, and the brothers students caps and white coats.

There was a large array of wedding presents, among them being a handsome oak chair given the groom by his fellow-employees in the finishing-room of the Wm. Doherty Organ Factory. Their many friends wish them a prosperous and happy future.—One who was there.

The Curiosity Shop.

Winnipeg.—Sunday's meetings were times of great spiritual outpouring. From early morning till the end of the night meeting the presence of God was very much felt. We had Brigadier and Mrs. Southall with us for the day, and after a soul-stirring fight we were able to rejoice in the capture of three prisoners. Hallelujah! Come again soon, Brigadier. If things are a little hard-looking on the surface, with prayer and faith, energy, planning, and hard work, we are able to report victory in the Harvest Festival effort again. Great credit is due to Sergt. Major Mrs. Jones and her staff of Junior workers, who, with the Juniors, reached their target with a few dollars to spare. The band and the Senior brigades also rallied to the front. The sale of goods went off beautifully, and everybody who paid a visit to Ensign Smith's curiosity shop were very much struck with all the wonderful things to be found therein. A great deal of credit is due to him for the interest he manifested in helping to make our H. F. a great success. We are now

going to press forward in the endeavor to do as well in winning souls during the next few months as we have in reaching our target.—Shiner.

Glace Bay Gleanings.

There were vim and energy in all the week-end operations at Glace Bay, C. B. The officers were ably supported by the band and soldiers.

Lively soul-stirring marches, glorious open-air services, where large congregations listened attentively to prayerful exhortations, and meetings brimful of interest in every detail, were features you could not help noticing.

Every inside meeting was well attended, but on Sunday night the building was packed, while fully as many more went away sorry that they could not get inside. One for complete deliverance and three for salvation were the visible results of the day's fight.

You would not wish to find a more loyal crowd of soldiers and friends, and the evidence of this was manifested in the way they responded to the call for a good collection. They gave very willingly, the amount being a fairly large offering, although it was midway between their pay-days.

The fight started on Saturday night and continued all day Sunday. Staff-Capt. McGillivray, from Newfoundland, led on the forces, and in a soul-stirring appeal to the comrades he drew a vivid picture of the difference between justification and sanctification, which produced a good impression in the morning service.

A bright, cheerful and easy followed a good open-air in the afternoon, and the crowd enjoyed both.

At night seventy soldiers were on the march, headed by the brass band. Nearly a thousand people stood in the open-air and listened to divine messages.

Long before the soldiers came in from the march, the hall was full, but soon after it was packed.

Staff-Capt. McGillivray was at his best, and, backed by the Holy Spirit, the message went home.

Lieut. Strothard made farewell to the comrades and friends with whom he has labored for several months past.

Altogether it was a typical Salvation Army week-end, and one must have been sadly lacking in spirituality who could not have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Adjt. and Mrs. McLean have been in charge for some time, and they have everything well in hand.—Wanderer.

G. B. M. NOTES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

I have just commenced my second tour. At London I spent the week-end. God came near and blessed our souls. The Local Agents are doing very well, although the quarter's returns were a little below the last. Try and pull it up to the top, comrades, for London should not be behind anything in the Province. The lastest service was well attended, and a very good income was realized.

Ridgetown came next. I made my way to Mother Watts' home, where my temporal needs were well supplied. We had a pleasant time together. The crowd was rather small, but those who were present enjoyed the meeting. Mother Green, the Local Agent, had made a slight increase upon last quarter. Well done! The comrades are now full stretch for a new harvest and quarters. Capt. Harman and Lieut. Ellis are the officers in charge.

At Blenheim I spent the next week-end. Everyone enjoyed the Saturday night's lantern service, many saying it was the best yet. The Sunday's meetings were very good. God came very near and blessed our souls, and a poor drunken backslider cried for mercy. May God fully save him and make him again a power for good, as he was years ago. The box returns were better this time. Mother McQuinn did very well, also Bro. Dan Rumble. These comrades kindly looked after my temporal needs.

I am still real well and happy, love the Lord with all my heart and soul, and am in for a good winter's work.

SAVED FROM THE BURNING.

"Madame" With a Heart.

(Billings Gazette.)

Capt. W. W. Lacey, of the local corps of Salvation Army workers, will go to Butte to-night, taking with him a 17-year-old girl whom the members of the Army rescued from a house at Billings, yesterday.

The mother of the girl lives in Helena, and has no knowledge of the downfall of her daughter, and for reasons that are quite apparent the Cap-



Capt. Brace, Pilley's Island, Nfld.

tain requests that the name of the girl be not published. She claims that she was induced to leave Hiena and go to Miles City by a soldier who is located at Fort Keogh, and that her family thinks she is working at Miles. She was deserted by the soldier, and attempted to work her way back home, and upon reaching this place her funds were exhausted, and having made one false step it was easy to make the second one.

To the credit of the woman who conducts the place where the girl has been stopping he said, she reported the fact of the girl's presence in her house to the Salvation Army people, and requested them to do something for her. An officer of the Army held an interview with the girl and found that she was heartily tired of the life she had been leading for the past two weeks, and was willing to leave it instantly. At the morning service she appeared at the Salvation Army hall, and has since then been taken care of at the barracks of the Army.

Capt. Lacey says that the records of the Army show that 80 per cent. of the girls who are thus rescued renounce the old life for ever, and become useful Christian women. The girl rescued yesterday will be taken to Butte and placed in the Army Rescue Home, where she will remain a year, most likely. If she continues steadfast she will be provided with employment at a good home, or returned to her mother, as she may elect.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

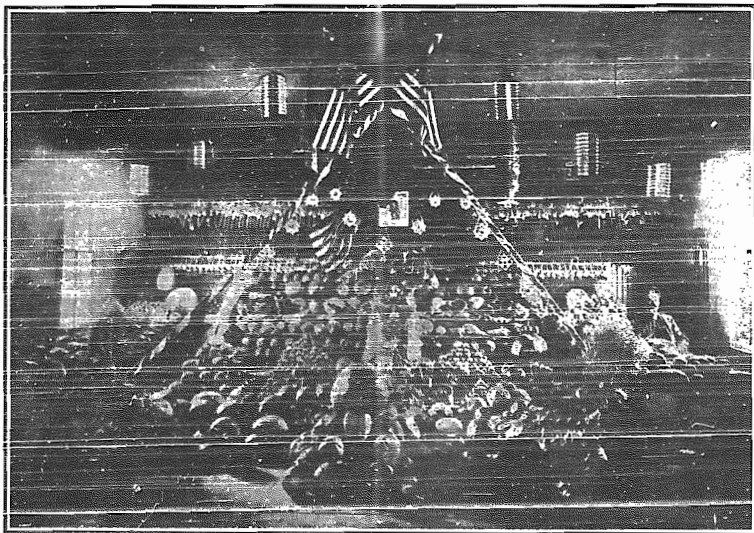
FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

The Lord has taken from our midst one of our faithful and beloved comrades, Sergt. Nancy Parker. She had been laid aside for a couple of years through old age, infirmity, etc., but still had a firm trust in the Lord. She always had a bright testimony to give of God's saving and keeping power, and would sometimes say she was going to wear a starry crown on her head, and a pair of silver slippers on her feet when she got to heaven. She was converted at Windsor, N.S., under Capt. Banks, now Mrs. Adjt. Maltby.

The funeral was well attended, and was conducted by Adjt. Jennings, of Halifax I. corps. The services at the barracks and grave were very impressive. Sergt. Parker was highly respected by all who knew her, for her simple trust in God. We sympathize with the bereaved ones, and hope to meet our dear comrade in the mansions above. In the memorial service on Sunday night three souls sought pardon.—Treas. Caslin, Halifax I.

Have a purpose in life, and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

The misapprehension of every minute are a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we should dismiss them with better reports, and not suffer them to fly away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it when they carry up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before His glorious throne.—Milton.



Capt. Lacey's Splendid Harvest Festival Display at Billings, Mont.

The General in the Eastern Province.

(Continued from page 9.)

MONDAY AT THE RINK.

What a funny place!

We shook the dust off our feet and glanced ruefully at the sawdusty trace left upon our clothes. Did that group of ladies around the door nearly choke in their endeavor to stifle their amusement?—we were so evidently unaccustomed to the interior of a rink.

"What would you do?" said the officer, taking tickets. "This is the only place that will hold the General's meeting to-night. That disappointed crowd outside the Opera House twice yesterday was enough to turn a door-keeper's train that night. We had to close the doors half an hour before meeting-time. And look here!" We looked. A stream of humanity was pouring into the building, which was none too spacious for the vast crowd which thronged the General's last public meeting in St. John.

There was all the enthusiasm, the blessing and joy of the Sunday behind the ringing welcome with which the General was received. Souls that had been inspired there was a fervor of expectation all around him; ministers precluded by their own services from attending on Sunday, were on either side of him, while officers and soldiers, whose expectations were being hourly more than realized, lit up the scene with their bright uniform, and even brighter faces.

The glorious victories of the previous night yet warm our hearts. There is a good and a grand time ahead of us.

"Is the General an alchemist, and has he discovered the secret of perpetual life?" wondered a thoughtful listener. Can it be that after such strenuous effort, and with but the brief rest of the forenoon, he is thus full of life and vigor? And we who were better informed wondered more, for the General's forenoon had been one of work, increasing and arduous.

From the outset there was a feeling of exceptional freedom in the meeting. By the time the General rose to his feet the gauge of enthusiasm registered high. Not the least demonstrative were the leading citizens and prominent ministers who supported the work on the platform; they enjoyed it all, applauded it all, literally drank it all in a way that was some indication of the hold which the General has upon the thought as well as the conscience of St. John.

The chairman, Premier Tweedie, introduced the General in a few graceful words of glowing appreciation. He said that the General's work had made him a world-wide reputation; that the work of the General was the work of the General Booth in a position perhaps filled by no other religious reformer. He came to Canada with all the vigor of youth, and with his natural force unabated. This last remark produced tremendous cheers.

Again and again during the General's fascinating narrative he was interrupted by outbursts of spontaneous applause. Not a feature was lost, not an illustration neglected. Even when the speaker turned from the description of the miracles wrought and victories won for the cross by the flag to impress upon all the sense of individual responsibility for the blessing of the lost, the attention did not flinch.

The General's wittier sallies produced immense delight, as when disclaiming his intention of holding any sabbath in the penitentiary form could not be included, he said that he would like nothing better than to see the honored Premier inviting sinners to Christ, and that he did not think it would tend in any way to diminish the respect of gentlemen's already large popularity.

But a more exuberant applause broke out when the General commended the work done by his people in this country. And when the leader of his beloved daughter, the Field Commissioner. The mention of her name was sufficient to awaken a whirlwind of appreciation; and when the General called her to him to put a fatherly kiss upon her brow, the excitement became terrific. Such a salute between such a father and such a daughter was an historical and moving sight.

The General at Halifax, N.S.

(By Wire.)

General's visit to Halifax was a unique success, whole city vibrating with enthusiasm; every ticket disposed of long before the hour of meeting. Doors closed at seven forty-five; streets outside filled with disappointed people. Spacious Academy of Music packed from floor to ceiling; influential citizens and prominent ministers on platform. Huge crowds filled every window-seat and frescoed the walls. Hon. Gilpin Jones, Lieut.-Governor, presided and welcomed the General in warm appreciative terms. General's lecture a masterpiece of information, full of interest and inspiration. Mayor Crosby and Mr. J. Macintosh, Attorney-General, proposed and seconded vote of thanks. Enthusiastic climax. Staff-Capt. Page.

The General dealt with vital questions that night. The crowd listened with bated breath to his discussion of the problem of the world getting better and wiser. The General does not theorize, but declares the statements which have been practised and proved.

Nor was it only in generalities that the General spoke to us. "Audiences take statistics," he said facetiously, "but they love mine." The figures given were unarguable evidences of phenomenal success.

"The Salvation Army has become a recognized social and religious factor in all lands," said Mayor White, in proposing the vote of thanks. "It must be a source of satisfaction to General

Booth to know that he has actually done more for the good of mankind than any other one man in the world to-day. St. John is proud to welcome him."

Judge Foster, in seconding the vote, made a stirring speech. He compared the mission of the General to that of Luther, Knox, and Wesley, who had been, in turn, raised up by God to meet the spiritual needs of the people.

Colonel Jacobs' prayer closed one of the grandest Salvation Army demonstrations ever held in St. John.

So the meetings ended—at least for the public of St. John. For the officers, the best wine of the feast had yet to come.—Staff-Capt. Page.



Ensign and Mrs. Knight, St. John I.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE GENERAL

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS ABOUT THE GENERAL, HIS MEETINGS AND HIS OPINIONS ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

We cannot attempt to re-print the many columns which the daily press has given to the reporting of the General's meetings, and the interviews granted by him, but we should be lacking a true sense of duty and sympathy with our readers if we did not give at least the most interesting clippings from the newspapers regarding the General.

STILL FULL OF ENERGY, EARNESTNESS AND POWER.

(Daily Sun, St. John, N.B., Oct. 14th.)

General William Booth is an old man—it is he was on his last birthday—and his years have been years of work. But his zeal for the cause of his heart, his burning desire to bring every soul to the truth as he sees it, his restless energy and spiritual power are as young and strong as when he founded the great religious organization of which he is still the main spring.

As men must be who have done as he has, the General is a forceful man in spite of the weight of three score and fourteen years. His eyes, heavy-lidded and deep-set, are keen and commanding, and none of the members of his Army are apt to forget for a moment that this white-haired patriarch, bearded man with the strong aquiline face is indeed the "General." When he gives an order, things happen.

On the platform, with his tall, slightly stooped figure and masterful white-manned head, he presents an imposing figure. His voice, broken with much speaking indoors and out, is harsh, and at first unpleasant. But the ter-

rible earnestness behind it makes its utterances impressive. The General is eloquent; at times he rises to a pitch of rough eloquence that compels keen following, and always he is earnest, deadly in earnest, with a power behind it that makes it felt.

Yesterday he spoke at three services, preaching nearly an hour each time. He did not spare himself. He threw the whole force of his nature into each address. He walked the platform with restless energy. He pleaded, he urged, he denounced, he exhorted. He held his ideal of life before the people and agitated lest any should accept it as their own. At the close of the third speech of his trying day he showed not a trace of weakening.

All of his sermons were evangelistic, and each was followed by a direct personal appeal to each man or woman present to leave the life they were living and come with him along the glorious pathway of the new life. At these times the General's tremendous earnestness in his work was his greatest strength. There was a railing in front of the platform, covered with red, and bearing the words, "You had better settle the matter now." Across this the General would lean as he pleaded with all his strength for the salvation of souls for which he yearned.

"Won't you save your soul?" he would cry. "Won't you come and kneel down here and throw away all your burden that is bearing you down—down? Never mind, what people will think." "It's too public here," you say. Remember that Christ dies for you in public, and that if you fail to come you'll be damned in public. You

know what you ought to do. Never mind your feelings; just arise and do it. Is there a crowd around you, and does the penitent form seem a long ways away? Jesus walked all the way to Calvary for you. Won't you come? Won't you come? Who's going to be the first?"

And he would lean forward eagerly over the railing as if he would draw them up with his hands. They did come, too. Not in a rush, but slowly, one by one, until at last the penitent form was full of kneeling figures.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

(Daily Telegraph, St. John, N.B., Oct. 14th.)

Seldom is such a scene witnessed at a public gathering as was enacted at the mammoth Salvation Army meeting in St. Andrews' Hall last evening when for an instant General William Booth, commander of the work, and Commissioner Eva Booth, head of the Army in Canada, stood locked in each other's embrace while 2,500 people were held in silence.

The scene was a mighty ovation as the realization came home that the incident was of more portent than a meeting between commander and aide, General and Commissioner—it was father and daughter strained to each other's breast in exuberance of affection.

The incident occurred as the venerable founder of the Army was telling the vast audience why he came to Canada. "I came," he said, "to congratulate my soldiers on the fight they have made. There is cause for congratulation, especially when I have in this land such a brave, devoted aide as my talented daughter."

At this the audience broke into wildly enthusiastic applause. Commissioner Eva Booth, who was sitting at her father's right flushed at this well-merited praise, her face lighted up, and slowly she advanced to his side and grasped hands with him. 'Twas for a second only, then parental love and pride swept over her, and over all thought of place or circumstance, and father and daughter stood clasped in each other's arms while the audience stamped the act with its unanimous approbation by prolonged applause.

General Booth delivered a masterly address on the life and work of the Army. He spoke with vigor and with that sure rugged eloquence which has proved the magnet to draw to his meetings throngs which have taxed the capacity of the largest auditoriums.

At the meeting Premier Tweedie presided, and among other prominent citizens on the platform were Mayor White, Judge Forbes, Ald. T. B. Robinson, Ald. Robert Maxwell, Ald. T. H. Bullock, John Bullock, Joseph Bullock, Rev. H. F. Waring, Rev. Christopher, Rev. H. F. Roach, Rev. Christopher, Rev. H. F. Roach, Rev. T. S. Simms, D. H. McCall, and others, in addition to General Booth, Commissioner Eva Booth, Colonel Lawley, Colonel Jacobs, Brigadier Pagnire, and other Army officials.

HOW TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.

In an interview General Booth said to a Telegraph representative: "Nine months ago, in England, I determined to make a definite and desperate appeal on behalf of the drunkards. Drunkenness was increasing very considerably within the last years of prosperity in England, and I intend to make a desperate effort to thwart this vice, and so gave out the following. I said, 'I want you to save 5,000 drunkards. I want them to come out of the public-house, and you must bring them out of the public-house on Saturday nights, and give them together in your halls and other than coffee and talk to them, and take them home, remove them out of the hands of the police and visit them. Get their wives on your side.'"

"We began this campaign in February and find the task who have been actually reclaimed to number 3,800 during the past seven months. This, to us, is very gratifying. We not only reformed them, but they joined the Army and many wear the 'Some people say, 'Wash their shirt,' but I say, 'No, wash their hearts, and then they will wash their own shirt.'"

SHEA AT ST. JOHN.

TOOK IN THE GENERAL'S
MEETINGS.

Glory!
Hallelujah!
More glory!
More hallelujah!
I SAW THE GENERAL!
10,000 glory hallelujahs!
I haven't finished getting blessed or shouting yet.

I saw a heavenly lot of good, old-time comrades.

Vetnot, from Halifax, was there with his long hair, silk hat, and didoes. On the street, some took him to be the General. While the boys were carrying him on their shoulders, a chap with a kodak shot at him. I told him to be sure and send the photo to the War Cry. Hope he will, don't you?

Sergt-Major Morgan, another Halifax boxer and hustler, was there "telling as a tick" with the glory.

Gipsy Miller, a thunder and lightning lassie, from Moncton, was also there.

A lot of Police Bowties, the devil-chasing Serp-Major and hobo hustler, of Digby, had a warm time in St. John, too.

Prof. Hawley, of Charlottetown, sang with guitar accompaniment, "from the General down to me" (his own musical composition, I understand) at the open-air fare-up at the head of King St. He's a professor of music and salvation, and tickled the boys and everybody else when Colonel Lawley sang.

The Glace Bay band boys are the brightest, biggest, and best-looking lot of lads I ever saw in a band. Alex. Webb was the only one I knew personally. He will pass as a sample, I reckon. They accompany the General to Halifax, with a great crowd of Cape Bretoners.

Father, Wise, from Newcastle, was there. Ditto Sergt-Major Daizelle, of Grand Manan, over six feet high, filled from toes up with the happy kind of salvation. His bright curly hair looks like a "crown of glory." They would look better if he only put a nice regulation cap on his head. Keep smiling and believing, Johnny!

And George Moores, of Woodstock, about a yard high, all smiles and salvation, had a wonderful time while her old comrades handed her down a blessing or two.

Just think of it, a hundred souls at the penitential form during the campaign! One was from Newfoundland, who got blessed after my style—he jumped, almost stood on his head, shouted, and hammered the floor with his heels and fists.

Another chap, a traveler for a Toronto store, who he got the victory almost felt gay and laughed until he almost cried.

Oh, it did me so much good to see my old comrades from Toronto and elsewhere—Sgt. Captains Page and Harry Morris, Adjt. Dick Griffith, and "Gipsy"—I don't know whether she's an Ensign, Adjutant, or what, but she's next thing to an angel, anyhow.

And the old Jockey and the pug-nare also blessed me—in fact, they did everybody.

And the Commissioner! I almost felt like crying because I didn't get to shake hands with her, but she looked fine, I tell you!

I say, you should have seen her blush when the General spoke about the good work she had done in Canada, and when he told her to get the platform right before everybody—three thousand people; but then, you know, he is her father, and couldn't help it. I hope that kodak fellow was as good as heaven itself.

My, my, what a wonderful time it was! Didn't those hundreds of Salvationists have a royal good time! Nothing can excel it by heaven itself. I can't describe it, and will not try, but leave it to you to imagine what it was like, hoping you will feel like kicking yourself for not being there.

—P. B. S.



The General's Letters TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



PRAYER.—No. 1.

My Dear Comrades,—

I wrote you two letters on this subject some time ago, but so closely allied is it to your peace, power, and usefulness, that I feel constrained to say something further on the same theme.

In the letters to which I have just referred, I dwelt on some of the more important subjects for which we ought to pray, and gave some reasons for doing so. In this letter I want to approach the manner you should approach God in order to secure the blessings you desire.

To be able to pray so as not only to reach the ear and move the heart of God, but to ensure the bestowment of the blessings for which you ask, is a very wonderful gift.

God has manifested the satisfaction with which He regards that kind of prayer by the marvelous answers He has given to it all the way down the stream of history, and we must enjoy a measure of the gift, and covet much more.

Bad men fear it, and stand in dread of those whom they have reason to believe possess it. "The fervent effectual prevailing prayer, of which the Apostle James speaks, is altogether a wonderful thing. Of it the old hymn-writer says—

"Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

Prayer comes the ladder Jacob saw, And Satan trembles when he sees.

The weakest saint upon his knees."

To try and show you how you can offer that kind of a prayer is, then, the object of this letter. My task is rather difficult. I need not say that you will make the most use of these words if you already possess that Spirit which comes with the New Heart, and which causes the soul to cry out, "Abba Father, my Lord and my God." I shall assume that you possess this Divine instinct, and that you do here and now join me in the request—

"O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray."

There are different kinds of prayer—that is to say, occasion, and the circumstances of those offering prayer differ, and therefore their character, and their prayers differ. The prayer of the publican in the temple, and the dying cry of the thief on the cross were called forth by different circumstances. The prayer of the man who lay prostrate on Mount Carmel calling on God for rain on the dried-up hills and valleys of Judea.

Now, I want especially to speak of that which we call private prayer—that is, the prayer of the individual. Every soldier may be supposed to offer day by day, say every morning or evening. Such prayer ought, I think, to have in it seven different points. You might call them seven different rounds, reaching from earth to heaven, up which every soldier climbs, as I have said, into the very presence of his Maker every day.

Perhaps you will think of my ladder. I will call Reality. That is, be real, be in earnest when you seek to approach God. Beware of formality. In no exercise of religion is there more danger of formality than in prayer, and in no exercise is formality a greater enemy of usefulness. Beware of it. Shake yourself up by reminding yourself that you are going into the very presence of God, and that you can speak directly to Him on matters that concern not only your own richest well-being, but that of those nearest and dearest to you.

Perhaps you may say, "Am I not always in the presence of God?" Yes, you are, and you cannot, by any scheming, go away from His Spirit, for in Him you live and move and have your being. But still, the heart, by its own choice and purpose, enter into the holy of holies and come more particularly to His sacred feet.

That is what is done in real prayer, and that is what we seek to engage in the form of prayer unless it is a real

coming before God. Therefore impress this upon your mind.

And you may also say to me, "Does not the apostle tell me that I am to be always praying?" Yes, he does. He says, "Pray without ceasing," which I take to mean that you are to live all the time in the spirit of holy communion with your Heavenly Father. That is, to live so that prayer shall never be out of harmony with your feelings.

But then the duties of your daily life, and the lawful anxieties you are compelled to feel about the Salvation war and other things, must necessarily occupy your attention to a great extent. But when you wish especially to commune with God you must turn aside, as Moses did in the wilderness, to do so. You will remember that he took off his shoes, and spoke to God, who appeared to him in a burning bush. If you turn aside from your cares and anxieties, and prostrate yourself before God in the same spirit, He will answer your petitions and answer them. Therefore, remind yourself of the importance of the action when you bow yourself in prayer.

Then you must begin your prayers by putting your soul into actual communion with God. When you approach God I never feel that I am really praying until I am able to realize that I have, as it were, attracted the attention of God; and that He is listening to what I say. That is what I sometimes call, in a telegraphic phrase, being "switched on."

Perhaps you will know that, when you want to speak to some one in a distant town, through the telephone, you ask the Central Office Exchange to connect the wire through which you are speaking with the wire of the office of the party with whom you want to converse. Then, being connected, you call his attention and your conversation takes place. Now, something answering to this should take place in your soul, only that in such a case it is yourself that wants connecting with your Heavenly Father, seeing that He is ever on the look-out for your approach, and His ear is ever open to your cry.

You can take a good illustration. When you want to speak to the Captain about any matter which has to do with the corps, or some comrade who is sick, or some soul whom you want to win, you go outside your quarters and begin to shout out your business, or ask him to render you such service as you desire. Supposing that he was at the open window listening, you would have to shout your words at random into the air. No; you would want to feel that he was there, and listening to you, and preparing to answer you back as you desire.

Just so with God. If you are to put any reality into your prayer, you must feel after God, and believe in God, and cast yourself on God right at the beginning, and you won't have long to wait before He answers your cry, and makes you feel that you are talking to His heart. And the promise shall be verified in your experience: Before you call, He will answer; and while you are yet speaking, He will be near.

2. The second step in my golden ladder is Worship. By which I mean adoration, thanksgiving, praise. You believe that He is the great God—almighty, all-wise, all-powerful, the Creator, your Redeemer, your Father, and your Friend. Speak to Him of His greatness, bow yourself before Him, and it will do you good, and give you a new exercise on which you have entered.

Thank Him for all the mercies He has bestowed upon you and those you love and care about. When you think of all the mercies that have been bestowed upon all: the health and strength and preservation and the blessings of all kinds, you asked Him for the previous night; and when you kneel down at the beginning of the morning, and thank Him for all the mercies that have been given you, this is the moment for gratitude. You cannot do less than thank Him for the display of so much love. We will do it. (To be continued.)

G. B. M. Notes.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By CAPT. J. POOLE.

Cornwall.

Bro. Omes is an up-to-date G.B.M. Agent, and Cornwall has eclipsed any quarter for the year—\$7.26 being the total for September. Mrs. Webb's box contained \$1.85. Bro. Omes' \$1.10, and Capt. Green's \$1.07.

St. Albans, Vt.

If only the same aggressive spirit was manifested in the spiritual world as in the social, much more would be accomplished for God and eternity. On the evening of my visit the officer in charge was arrested for proclaiming salvation in the open-air. I continued with my message, and the lady's sign was continually brought to my mind—"U R next." However, as the Lord delivered up Daniel, so was my comrade delivered. Bro. Hancock, G.B.M. Agent, predicts a good collection, which will be remitted by post.

Burlington.

We have been somewhat hindered in prosecuting the war here. Ensign Hurt is in the hospital, very ill, and the G.B.M. Agent was detained at home. It was my happy lot to canvass box-holders. I was reinforced by the Harmonic Revivalists, who had just arrived. We had a splendid time.

Barre.

Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Perkins, and Father Norris brought in good returns, \$7.28 being the contents of the boxes. Capt. Bloss made me feel quite at home. As the Captain had been at my home during my soldier days, memories returned of the times when God met with us then and blessed our souls while we were laboring side by side. We had a musical meeting, and I said good-bye.

St. Johnsbury.

I was welcomed at this place of life and interest by the officers with a cheering face. A great number congregated for our open-air meeting, and the indoor service was a success. I visited the G.B.M. Agent, called on a number of box-holders, and appointed a new Agent, Bro. Carpenter, who has more boxes, and has started his new work with zeal. The box in Mr. Bunde's boot store had the largest collection.

Newport.

Sergt. Morse, Local Agent, brought in one of the largest collections we have for some time. This is cheering. New box-holders have been secured, and the work is in a prosperous condition.

Sherbrooke.

Mrs. Shurtliff, the Agent, not being at home, the returns were necessarily delayed. We were reminded here of former days of the Army by the thud of the foot of the old soldier, Capt. Carpenter, the converted Frenchman, said it made him feel more like fighting for God.

Quebec.

I left Sherbrooke at 2 a.m. in the stillness of the night, and was soon speeding on my way. I have made 140 miles, and will reach the stage at St. Julie for Inverness at 10 a.m. I was informed by Capt. Edwards, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Miller made us feel at home. My service had been well announced, and a goodly number was present. The Rev. Mr. Sheridan closed our meeting in prayer, asking God's blessing on the Army in all its undertakings to bless humanity.

We returned to Quebec City, forty-five miles. On our arrival Capt. Edwards said, "Come up and see our new hall." The Captain turned the electric button that illuminates one of the most complete Army barracks in the East Ontario Province. The Shelter will also be remodelled. May God's blessing rest upon our work in Quebec City. Mr. J. Young, our Agent, renders good service, though he is not a Soldier. Mrs. L. E. Williams' box led with \$1.80, the Y.M.C.A. came second with \$1.10, Miss R. Hicks third with \$1.04, and Mrs. Miller fourth with \$1.00. The total collection was \$7.21.

Our Hustlers' Honor Roll.

The Winnipeg Wonder—The East
Losing Ground—The Same Old
Story—Where are the West-
ern Soldiers?—The Las-
sie Cadets Beat the
Lads.

The Winnipeg wonder takes first
place again. 426 is the latest total
that takes my eye. Well done, Winni-
peg.

Lieut. West is, however, up to the
400 mark and going strong. Keep
your eye on the goal, Lieutenant. If
you can go 450 I think you have Lieut.
Forsberg beat. A good try for that
sublime total won't hurt you, really.

I notice the East is gradually going
down the ladder. Yes, sir, that's so.
Time was when they could stand in 140
names, and now it's a paltry 128!
Looks bad, don't it?

Those dead beats of last week soon
resolved themselves into a different
state of things. Arab, Nigger, and
Mag is the order, as usual. I guess
we'll have to put up with that for
quite a while yet, by the looks of
things.

I notice that most of our hustlers
from the West are officers. Where are
the push-ahead soldiers from that re-
gion? Surely they are not being over-
looked. I hope not. They're good
stuff, and ought to be heard from.

The tip-top hustlers this week are
Lieut. Forsberg, 426; Lieut. West,
400; and Lieut. Moore, 396.
Sydney, 270. Bravo, you rising Army
Lieutenants!

I heard a Corps-Cadet last night re-
mark that she had got to love selling
War Cry. Of course she has. It's
the finest thing under the sun, when
you do it in the right spirit.

I miss that lone boomer from Daw-
son. Is she cut off for the rest of the
winter? If so, let us pray that she
may turn up next spring as smart and
smiling as usual.

Didn't I tell you? Sure, the lassie
Cadets seem to be able to walk all
around the lads when it comes to War
Cry selling. They can so. (P.S.—I'm
saying this so as to get the kinder
worked up, you know. I hope they'll
get so excited that they go in and
win.)

Eastern Province.

128 Hustlers.

Lieut. Moore, Sydney 270
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton 160
Lieut. Veinot, Charlottetown 160
P. S. M. Veinot, Halifax I. 160
P. S. M. Caslin, Halifax I. 144
Capt. McEwen, Moncton 120
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay 123
Capt. Hebb, Hamilton 120
Lieut. Corkum, St. John I. 118
Capt. Hawboldt, Yarmouth 118
Lieut. Seigel, Halifax I. 110
Capt. McKie, Carleton 107
Julia Lidston, Glace Bay 107
Cand. McFadden, Yarmouth 103
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I. 103
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney 100
Lieut. Braces, Westville 100
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth 100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow 100
Mrs. Ensign Carter, Yarmouth 100
Sergt. Jones, Windsor 100
Lieut. Braces, Westville 100
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen 100
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Charlottetown 100
S.M. Flood, Hamilton 100
Capt. A. Murthouson, St. John V. 95
Lieut. Braces, Westville 95
C.C. Bishop, Woodstock 85
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst 85
Capt. Clark, Sackville 85
Capt. Forcay, Parrishore 80
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's 80
Capt. McDougall, Stellarton 78
Capt. McWilliams, Moncton 78
Bro. Reid, St. John I. 70
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Fredericton 67
Lieut. Glasman, Chatham 65
Emma Brewer, Halifax I. 65

Capt. Anderson, St. John I. 60
Ensign Williams, Springhill 60
Capt. Netting, Windsor 60
Capt. Chandler, Branning 60
Annie Laybold, Branning 60
Mrs. Adjt. Creighton, Hamilton 60
Lieut. Fewson, Whitney Pier 57
Lieut. Copeland, St. John I. 56
Capt. Pemberton, Summerside 56
Capt. Mercer, St. John I. 56
Capt. Smith, Campbellton 56
Capt. March, Liverpool 56
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool 56
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's 54
Mrs. Jones, Halifax I. 54
Capt. Lebane, Sydney Mines 50
Capt. Wyatt, Westville 50
Capt. Tatem, Charlottetown 50
Lieut. Glibbank, Annapolis 50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John I. 50
Lieut. Thompson, St. John I. 50
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater 50
Capt. Hamilton, Bear River 50
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill 45
Lieut. McKim, Kentville 45
Capt. Eusey, Digby 45
Lieut. McKim, Digby 45
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor 40
Sergt. Dinne, Glace Bay 40
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton 40
Capt. McRor, Newcastle 40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampt. 40
Lieut. Elliot, Newcastle 40
Lieut. Whales, Louisburg 37
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth 35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth 35
Capt. McRor, Newcastle 35
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow 30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth 30
Capt. Laura Miller, Chatham 30
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill 30
Sergt. Smith, St. John I. 30
Capt. Harding, Sussex 30
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex 30
Ensign Cooper, Fredericton 30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton 30
Capt. Martin, Windsor 30
Annie W. Windsor 30
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton 30
Lieut. Green, Houlton 30
Lieut. McKay, Houlton 30
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen 30
Lieut. Moore, Westport 30
Sergt. Burns, Southampt. 30
Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, St. George's 30
Capt. McDachern, Kentville 28
Mrs. Small, Moncton 25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax I. 25
Mrs. W. C. Thompson, St. John I. 25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John I. 25
C.C. Patrick, St. John I. 25
S.M. Marney, St. John I. 25
Mrs. Hargreaves, St. John I. 25
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax I. 25
Lieut. Smith, Digby 25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton 25
Mrs. Place, Hamilton 25
Sergt. Smith, Houlton 25
C.C. Paxton, Dominion 25
Annie W. Windsor 25
Capt. Lamont, Whitney Pier 21
S.M. Kent, Bear River 20
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney 20
Sister Boutlier, Sydney Mines 20
Sergt. Emsie, Chatham 20
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst 20
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton 20
Capt. James, Halifax I. 20
Bessie Sharpman, Windsor 160
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen 160
Capt. C. White, St. John I. 160
S.M. Jefferson, Annapolis 160
Willie Turner, St. John V. 160
Ensign Knight, St. John I. 160
Capt. Leadley, Fairville 160
Lieut. Vanden, Falmouth 160
Capt. Murdoch, Hillsboro 160
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro 160
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg 160
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg 160

West Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. West, London 409
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford 129
Mrs. Adjt. McHardy, Chatham 108
S.M. McDougall, Goderich 100
Lieut. Close, Strathroy 100
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock 100
Sister McGregor, St. Thomas 95
Lieut. Vande Pettenden, Wallaceburg 95
P. S. M. Minnie Schuster, Berlin 90
Capt. Carr, Sarnia 90
Lieut. Harnish, Simcoe 85
Capt. Vande Sarnia 85
Capt. Fenwick, Windsor 80
Capt. Jordinson, Stratford 80
Minnie Bryden, Windsor 75
Capt. Maisey, Brantford 75
Mrs. Capt. Deane, Palmerston 75
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll 70

Capt. Hancock, Hespeler 70
Maggie Chatterton, Guelph 70
Ensign Bracken, Goddard 70
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll 70
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock 62
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia 65
Callista Siver, St. Thomas 60
S. Ford, London 60
Mrs. Michol, Leamington 55
Lieut. McColl, Bothwell 55
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington 55
Lieut. Richardson, Watford 50
C. G. Cooper, Brantford 50
Mother Cutting, Essex 50
Mrs. Howlett, Drayton 50
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris 50
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph 50
Mary Nelosie, Tilsonburg 50
Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg 50
Capt. Williams, Essex 45
Mrs. Adjt. Orchard, Wingham 41
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia 40
Capt. Hogan, Clinton 40
Mrs. Richards, Guelph 40
Capt. Yeomans, Leamington 40
Fred Palmer, London 40
Sister Cable, Stratford 37
Capt. Kitchen, Paris 35
Capt. L. Pattenden, Wallaceburg 35
Lieut. Ellis, Brantford 35
Dad Christner, Dresden 35
Lieut. Davis, Dresden 30
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia 30
Ina Groom, Henshew 30
Sister Goshin, London 30
Lieut. Murray, Berlin 30
Capt. Campbell, St. Thomas 30
C.C. Christner, Petrolia 25
C.C. Hunell Robinson, Windsor 25
Lieut. Cook, Thorndale 25
Capt. Coy, Goddard 25
C.C. Gars, Strathroy 25
C.C. Maggie Wison, Simcoe 25
Capt. Harman, Ridgetown 25
P.S.M. Virtue, Windsor 25
Capt. Power, Chatham 25
Adjt. Mitchell, Petrolia 25
Lillie Gilbert, Etchenim 20
Mrs. Keeley, Guelph 20
Sister Horney, Goderich 20
Clara Downey, Ridgetown 20
Mrs. Jordan, Goderich 20
Mrs. Lyvina, Ingersoll 20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll 20
Mrs. Glaser, Chatham 20
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler 20
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler 20
Sergt. Lamb, Hespeler 20
S.M. Graham, Thamesville 20
Mrs. Welsh, Delhi 20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter 20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville 20

Central Ontario Province.

70 Hustlers.

Sister Mary Andrews, Temple 116
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie 100
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville 92
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound 82
Capt. Downey, Sudbury 70
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury 70
C.C. Edie Corneli, Lindsay 70
Capt. Plant, Brantford 66
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt 65
C.C. Sheardson, Huron St. 65
Bro. Sheardson, Huron St. 65
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood 62
Sister F. Silverthorn, Temple 62
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood 61
Capt. Meador, North Bay 50
Cand. Leslie Glanville, Bowmanville 50
Lieut. Vande Pettenden, Wallaceburg 50
S.M. Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St. 50
S.M. Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St. 50
Ensign Hyde, Riversdale 50
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood 50
Sister Harnish, Simcoe 45
Sergt. Dickson, Dundas 45
Capt. Greavott, Meaford 40
Lieut. Currell, Meaford 40
Capt. Bond, Hamilton I. 40
Lieut. Wilson, Oakville 40
Capt. Glink, Hamilton I. 40
Louie Coy, Hamilton I. 40
Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket 40
Capt. Culbert, Oranorville 40
Lieut. Hudgin, Oranorville 40
S.M. McEwen, St. John I. 40
Lieut. Minnie, Riversdale 40
Sister M. Penze, Yorkville 38
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls 37
Capt. Stickells, Sturgeon Falls 37
Lieut. Wilson, Oakville 35
Capt. Stulliker, Riversdale 35
Lillie Case, Hamilton I. 35
Capt. Capper, Little Current 35
Lieut. Oshakokachig, Little Current 35
Lizzie Bracken, Goddard 34
Lieut. Vande Pettenden, Wallaceburg 34
Capt. Cornish, Huron St. 33
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Ligar St. 33
Alice Bizaray, Lippincott 30
Capt. Pratt, Temple 30
Capt. Kiver, Temple 30
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls 30
Capt. Marskell, Brooklin 30
Capt. Nelson, Kilmount 27
Lieut. Warren, Kilmount 27
Adjt. Bale, Ligar St. 27

Capt. McConn, Burk's Falls 26
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls 25
C.C. Miller, Burk's Falls 25
Maud Wessler, Hamilton I. 25
J. Monaccon, Chesley 25
E. Minor, Fenelon Falls 20
J. S. S.M. Campbell, Chesley 20
S. Ford, London 20
Lieut. Crandell, Aurora 20
Mrs. Adjt. Minna, Lindsay 20
Sergt. Helson, Lindsay 20
C. N. Ridd, Lindsay 20
Adjt. Sims, Lindsay 20
C.C. Perkins, Dovercourt 20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood 20
Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville 20
Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville 20

East Ontario Province.

68 Hustlers.

Lieut. Langley, Burlington 153
Lieut. Fultor, Belleville 150
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I. 141
S.M. Dudley, Ottawa 130
Lieut. Duncan, Ogdensburg 120
Lieut. Langer, Ogdensburg 120
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston 100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. 80
Lieut. Greenslade, Trenton 30
Adjt. Newman, Prescott 80
Capt. Green, Cornwall 80
Sergt. Harnish, Simcoe 80
Adjt. McManis, Kingston 72
Capt. O'Neil, Perth 72
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Ottawa 70
Capt. Ash, Sherbrooke 65
Capt. Hines, Pembroke 65
Lieut. Folsie, Pembroke 65
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro 63
Lieut. Keats, Newport 60
Sergt. Lorie, Montreal 60
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville 60
Ensign Gorman, Liverpool 57
Mrs. Stephens, Peterboro 57
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa 55
Sergt. Hippan, Montreal II. 25
Sergt. Vancour, Montreal I. 25
Capt. Podger, Brockville 53
Lieut. Gorman, Guelph 50
Lieut. Oldford, Gananogue 50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville 50
Maggie Little, Newport 50
Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro 45
Capt. Pinner, Napanee 44
Capt. Patterson, Napanee 44
Sergt. Stone, Lakeside 40
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Campbellford 40
Capt. Casselman, Campbellford 40
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke 40
Lieut. White, Brockville 33
Dad Greene, Peterboro 35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall 33
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I. 30
Capt. Crego, Montreal II. 25
Sergt. Rutledge, Morrisburg 26
Lieut. Rutledge, Morrisburg 26
Treas. Rice, Morrisburg 25
Sergt. McViey, Sherbrooke 25
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall 25
Sergt. Marshall, Montreal II. 25
Adjt. Kendall, Burlington 22
Alice Lewis, Ottawa 21
Ada Cousineau, Ottawa 21
Sergt. Munro, Barre 20
Capt. Liddell, Millbrook 20
Capt. Sherwood, Millbrook 20
Dad Duquet, Trenton 20
Mary Billings, Prescott 20
Sister Bullock, Montreal II. 20
Ethel Proctor, Cornwall 20
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I. 20

North-West Province.

43 Hustlers.

Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg 426
Lieut. Paustein, Jamestown 100
Lieut. Fleming, Brandon 100
Lieut. Wilson, Deer Lake 80
Mrs. Ensign Stuart, Port Arthur 80
Sergt. Halford, Winnipeg 85
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Rat Portage 80
Capt. Charlton, Portage la Prairie 80
Ensign Ferguson, Moorhead 50
Capt. Myers, Grand Forks 50
Ensign Hayes, Fargo 50
Lieut. Pearce, Moose Jaw 66
Lieut. Karna, Minot 66
Lieut. Cook, Medicine Hat 65
Mrs. Capt. Hill, Calgary 65
Mrs. Ensign Feline, Grand Forks 65
Lieut. Irwin, Edmonton 60
Capt. Haugen, Prince Albert 50
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton 50
Lieut. Miller, Valley City 45
Lieut. Lewis, Fargo 45
Capt. McKay, Fargo 42
Ensign Green, Lethbridge 40
Lieut. Croser, Carman 40
Lieut. Timson, Dauphin 38
C. C. Johnson, Blomquist 38
Capt. Morris, Moorhead 35
Capt. Hobbitt, Fort William 35
Mrs. Loonan, Fort William 32
Capt. Brander, Regina 31
C.C. Leadman, Winnipeg 30

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Tune—"My Jesus, I love Thee."

N.B.B. 185.

Oh, boundless salvation! deep
ocean of love!
Oh, fullness of mercy Christ
brought from above;
The whole world redeeming, so rich,
and so free,
Now flowing for all men, come roll
over me.

Chorus.

The heavenly gales are blowing.
The cleansing sea is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My life has been joyless and useless
for years;
I feel something better most surely
would be,
If once thy pure waters would roll
over me.
And now, hallelujah! the rest of my
days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His
praise
Who opened His bosom to pour out
for this sea.

Of boundless salvation for you and

The General.

Tune—"Dear Jesus, I long." B.J. 56.

S.M. I. 194.

Lord, Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole,
I want Thee for ever to dwell in
my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every
foe.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

By faith for my cleansing I see Thy
blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Tune—"It was on the cross." B.J. 17.

When I survey the wondrous
cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Tune—"What's the news?" B.J. 12.

Thou Christ of burning, cleansing
flame,
Send the fire!
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim,
Send the fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost,
We wait for thee, O Father,
Send the fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry.
Send the fire!
He'll make us pure or die,
Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin,
Send the fire!

'Tis fire we want, 'tis fire we plead,
Send the fire!
The fire will melt our every need,
Send the fire!
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in white,
Send the fire!

To make our weak hearts strong and
brave,
Send the fire!
To live a dying world to save,
Send the fire!
Oh, see me on the altar lay,
My life, my all, this very day,
To crown the offering now we pray,
Send the fire!

The General.

Tune—"Traveling home." B.B. 7.

N.B.B. 128.

We're traveling home to heaven
now,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful
shore,
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
more,
Will you go?

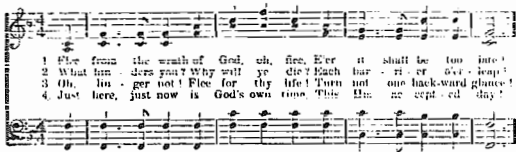
We're going to walk the plains of
light, etc.,
Far, far from death, and curse, and
night, etc.,
The crown of life we then shall wear,
"Take up your cross and follow Me,
And thus shall My salvation see," etc.

We're going to see the Bleeding Lamb,
etc.,
In rapturous songs to praise His name,
etc.,
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning ever gone, etc.

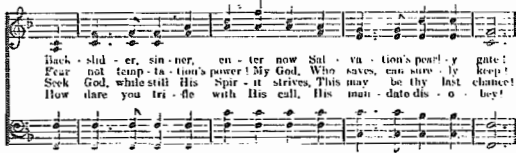
The way to heaven is straight and
plain, etc.,
Repent, believe, be born again, etc.,
"The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow Me,
And thus shall My salvation see," etc.
Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go."
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go.
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go."

FLEE FROM THE WRATH OF GOD.

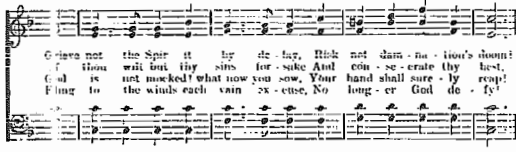
Words and Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.



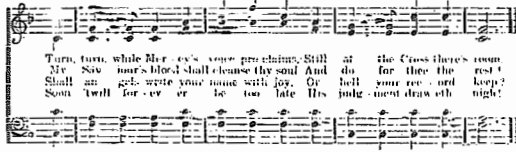
1 Flee from the wrath of God, oh, flee, for it shall be too late!
2 What time does your life pass by? Each hour is a day of life!
3 Oh, flee, flee, flee, for thy life! Turn not one backward glance!
4 Just here, just now is God's own time, this one, this one, this one!



Back, sin-er, sin-er, en-ter now Sal-va-tion's pearl-y gate!
Flee, God, tempt-ta-tion's power! My God, Who saves, can now-ly keep!
Seek God, whilest His Spir-it stirs, This may be thy last chance!
How dare you tri-um-phant with His call, His man-da-ta-ble o-bed-ience!



Grieve not the Spir-it by sin-ning, Risk not dam-na-tion's doom!
If thou wilt but thy sin-ning, for-sake And re-vo-lute thy heart,
Flee to the winds each vain ex-ercise, No long-er God de-fy!



Turn, turn, while Mer-cy's voice pro-claims, Still at the Cross there's room!
My Sin-ners! Here shall cleanse thy soul And do for thee the best!
Shalt thou not write your name with joy, Or halt your re-ward here?
Soon turn, for here is God's own time, His judg-ment day, this night!

Oh, ocean of mercy, oft longing I've
stood
On the banks of thy wonderful life-
giving flood;
Once more I have reached this soul-
cleansing sea.
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching
its wave,
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to
Save."
My faith's growing bolder—delivered
I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters they roll
over me.

My tempers are fitful, my passions are
strong,
They blind my poor soul, and they
force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows deliverance
I see;
Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over
me.

Now tossed with temptation, then
haunted with fears;

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy re-
main,
Apply Thine own blood and remove
every stain;
To get this blest washing I all things
forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, come down from Thy
throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacri-
fice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified
feet;

Chorus.

War Cry Sergt. Laybold, Bridgetown,
N.S.

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Leut. Wiley, Prince Albert | 27 |
| Leut. Mannell, Selkirk | 26 |
| Leut. Eastman, Fargo | 26 |
| Capt. Hardy, Emerson | 25 |
| Sergt. Burrows, Morden | 25 |
| Jessie Scott, Winnipeg | 25 |
| Leut. Cassler, Lethbridge | 24 |
| Leut. Nuttall, Laramore | 22 |
| Mrs. Montgomery, Winnipeg | 20 |
| Capt. Meron, Neepawa | 20 |
| Leut. Gardiner, Hannah | 20 |
| Capt. Flaws, Fort William | 20 |

Pacific Province.

25 Hussiers.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Sister Wright, Victoria | 191 |
| Cadet Robinson, Billings | 120 |
| Capt. Galt, Missoula | 116 |
| Capt. Heater, New Westminster | 110 |
| Cadet Kaulson, Butte | 110 |
| Capt. Darrach, Whatcom | 109 |
| Capt. Hurst, Vancouver | 105 |
| Mrs. Hooker, Spokane | 97 |
| Adj. Stevens, Vancouver | 95 |
| Lizzie Hawkins, Great Falls | 90 |
| Leut. Johnson, Greenwood | 71 |
| Ensign Scott, Everett | 68 |
| Mrs. Adj. Nelson, Rossland | 65 |
| Adj. Yerex, Helena | 65 |
| Leut. Lewis, Helena | 65 |
| Mrs. Brown, Nelson | 58 |
| Sister Cook, Everett | 53 |
| Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Nelson | 55 |
| Capt. Chariton, Vancouver | 50 |
| Cadet McCormick, Revelstoke | 50 |
| Capt. Miller, Revelstoke | 48 |
| Sergt. Terryberry, Lewiston | 45 |
| Sister Lorimer, Victoria | 40 |
| Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Great Falls | 30 |
| Elsie Watson, Lewiston | 25 |
| Leut. Basingthwaite, Livingston | 29 |
| Capt. Tippet, Livingston | 29 |
| Hro. Salak, Spokane | 25 |
| Florio Pogue, Nelson | 26 |
| Sergt. McCausland, Spokane | 22 |
| Sister Bushnell, Spokane | 22 |
| Sister Riley, Spokane | 22 |
| Cadet Lieut. Rickard, Dillon | 21 |
| Sister Hodges, Whatcom | 20 |

Territorial Training Home.

(Girls.)

11 Hussiers.

| | |
|-------------------|----|
| Cadet M. Smith | 34 |
| Cadet A. Smith | 31 |
| Cadet Thornton | 29 |
| Cadet Thompson | 28 |
| Cadet Berry | 26 |
| Cadet Allen | 25 |
| Cadet Lightbourne | 25 |
| Cadet Beckingham | 23 |
| Cadet Chislett | 20 |
| Cadet McCullin | 20 |
| Cadet Richards | 20 |

(Boys.)

6 Hussiers.

| | |
|---------------|----|
| Cadet Wood | 30 |
| Cadet Smith | 25 |
| Cadet Skinner | 20 |
| Cadet Miller | 20 |
| Cadet Pimmer | 20 |

To Clean Ivory Ornaments.—Place the articles in cold water, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Then remove from the water and lay them on some clean soft rag, but do not wipe them. Dry in the open air by a window, and blow out any water that remains in the carving, for if water is allowed to stand on the ivory it discolors it.

